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*The*  
**TRUTH**  
*about*  
**MOROCCO**

PIERRE PARENT

*Former Member of French Parliament*

MOROCCAN OFFICE OF INFORMATION AND DOCUMENTATION  
75-18 WOODSIDE AVENUE • FLUSHING 73, NEW YORK



PIERRE PARENT

*author of*

DISSERTATION ON  
MOROCCO OF 1951

*Published by*

MOROCCAN OFFICE  
OF  
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*The*  
**TRUTH**  
*about*  
**MOROCCO**

Pierre Parent

*Translated from French*

*by*

ELEANOR KNIGHT

*Published by*

MOROCCAN OFFICE OF INFORMATION AND DOCUMENTATION  
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OCT 26 1953

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have no reason to doubt their good faith. But if there had not been a few to raise their voices when Mussolini and Franco had so many admirers and passionate partisans among us, there would have been an irreparable breach in the uninterrupted protest of the Christian conscience against the crimes of History. Our silence today would be infinitely more serious since it is no longer a question of foreigners. The drama of North Africa involves the honor of France and, on the spiritual level, its salvation.

"It is again up to us to see to it that what might have separated French and Moroccans for all time should serve instead to reconcile them. Two articles in *Figaro* have sufficed to make the men who could have so many reasons to hate us, men who in their own country are subjected to a police state whose excesses make us blush with shame, turn once again to the France



## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

This little book deserves an introduction by someone other than a plain American citizen who, having lived in Morocco, was glad to help the Moroccans in the same spirit that Lafayette helped this country when it was striving for its liberty. François Mauriac, Nobel prize winner and member of the French Academy, should probably have written this preface. But since the job was given to me, I should like to begin by referring to the preface he wrote for *The Moroccan Drama before the Christian Conscience*. That documentary pamphlet was published to throw light on last December's massacres in Casablanca, so grossly misrepresented by the French press there. As Mauriac wrote in *Figaro* in January, he wanted to get this savage story straight. He would not have it hushed up.

This is Mauriac: "It is not a question here of polemics. We are publishing the documents which led us to intervene in the North African debate. We intervened as Christians because we could not remain silent. We did not feel at liberty to brush aside such grave testimony, involving our own responsibility as Frenchmen and as Catholics, without trying to verify it. The meeting of the Center of intellectuals, at which I had the honor to preside, hoped to persuade the government to undertake an official investigation of the drama of Casablanca. Although we seem to have failed in this, we nevertheless achieved our aim, because the investigation has been made: a great French newspaper, the *Figaro*, certainly not noted for its subversive ideas, sent two of its correspondents to Morocco. They stayed three weeks—with no instructions except to disregard the official propaganda, to go in person to the places and to hear all the witnesses. . . . Except on one or two points they concur in all that we publish here. . . .

"I am not unmindful of the fact that other Catholics, invited by the Residence, have returned, as was to be expected, quite reassured and edified. We have no reason to doubt their good faith. But if there had not been a few to raise their voices when Mussolini and Franco had so many admirers and passionate partisans among us, there would have been an irreparable breach in the uninterrupted protest of the Christian conscience against the crimes of History. Our silence today would be infinitely more serious since it is no longer a question of foreigners. The drama of North Africa involves the honor of France and, on the spiritual level, its salvation.

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from whom they have received much. They acknowledge this in all respects, foremost of which is that culture in whose name they ask to be treated as free people. . . ."

This is Pierre Parent's thesis too.

Unfortunately I did not meet Pierre Parent or anyone like him in my two sojourns in Morocco—in 1934-45 and in 1950-51. He is like the French I know in France, those with whom I lived and worked for years, whom I admire and respect, as do the Moroccans who have lived in France. I am sentimental about France—its countryside, its cathedrals, its Manets and Rodins, its *Résistance*, but most of all its citizens and their way of life. The Frenchmen in Morocco are a different breed somehow, molded by a tiny *colon* or planter caste which rules the destinies of eight million Moroccans. These *colons* do not own slaves like their West-India predecessors, but together with a few tycoon cousins in the towns they practically own Morocco.

Yet it is less the breed than the system which breeds them that is at fault. Having seen this sort of thing around the world, I am immovably convinced that no people is fit to govern any other people. Ask the man or woman in Vietnam, in Java, in Burma, or in China (which was merely an "economic colony" what he thinks of our "civilizing missions.") Or go take a look where it is still safe or even possible. The world tried in 1919, and again in 1945, to devise a system in which no disinherited people would be ruled by any one interested power. We are shutting our eyes to the North African failures, nursing the illusion that a Paris government preoccupied with remaining in one piece for a few weeks will be able to control a remote planter clique which ignores France's great traditions and the existence of the United Nations in a greedy rush for wealth and power.

Pierre Parent is remarkable because, after living for thirty-six years in Morocco, he is still a French Frenchman, not a Moroccan Frenchman. This collection of his articles appeared in France in 1953, but I began reading them in *Al-Istiqlal*, to which I subscribed in November 1951. I had known the youthful editor, Abderrahim Bouabid, a graduate of the University of Paris law school, in Morocco.

The new weekly had only four pages as a rule, but with such limited space it performed many of the useful functions of a newspaper. Early issues reported the United Nations debates on the Moroccan question and also contained accounts of the repression in Tunisia. These were priceless because regular news channels out of Tunisia had been choked off by French censorship at the end of 1951. *Al-Istiqlal* also published official communiqués of the Sultan and of the Bey of Tunis, and outlined proposed legislation.

I was familiar with many people who fitted Mr. Parent's Moroccan-French types—the opportunists, the get-rich-quick and devil-take-the-hindmost boys,

many of them ex-Vichyites, or those whose misguided patriotism warred with their pricking French consciences. I had met French officials, some with sinecures, some hard-working, but all with fatter salaries than they could earn in France, and often with wives, sons or other relatives on the government payroll too. I had talked with old colonialists who reminded me of "Old China hands." They said either that the Moroccans had to be treated like children or that the Arabs belonged to a degenerate race, in full agreement on their main point: that France must hang onto the country indefinitely. Every afternoon I used to see young French officers in Hollywood uniforms riding magnificent horses in the paddock on the palace grounds, with Moroccan grooms standing by. French shopkeepers would look over the heads of Moroccan women in a queue to wait on me. I listened to French busdrivers shouting pigeon Arabic at their passengers. The driver would turn to me and say, "See? I'm kidding them. They love it." But as I looked at the Moroccans, they did not seem amused. And of course there were the police who wasted their time, I thought, on my comings and goings, presumably because my behavior did not conform to the tourist pattern. But I never met a European like Pierre Parent.

Mr. Parent wrote simply, directly, at first hand and with years of experience, I began translating his articles for my friends who were to say the least hazy about Morocco. This was not surprising. Who knew where Cambodia was, or Laos, until recently? While in North Africa, I had received two letters from an American professor who is supposed to be a specialist on the Mediterranean area. They were addressed to Algiers, Morocco! One such slip might be put down to absentmindedness, but two seemed proof of some confusion. Algiers is in the middle of the Algerian coastline about three hundred miles from the nearest point in Morocco. A United States Senator wrote in regard to the trouble in North Africa that he was favorably inclined to rally "the non-white people of the world against communism." Perhaps Othello, Shakespeare's Moor of Venice, is responsible for the common misconception that the people north of the Sahara are black like those south of it. I always see skeptical faces when I say that it is almost impossible to tell a Moroccan from a Frenchman, a Spaniard or an Italian, if all dress alike.

When I went to the post office in Berkeley for a money order for my subscription to *Al-Istiqlal*, the clerk took a long time. He had never made out a money order for Morocco. "Moroccan francs," he said, with a puzzled frown, and then, in surprise, "Why, they're the same value as French francs. But I have to write here 'Through France.' Why is that, I wonder?"

"Morocco is a French protectorate," I said.

"Oh," he replied, his voice expressing the blankness which I now took as a matter of course. What indeed is a protectorate? In United Nations pub-



lications, you will find it with non-self-governing territories. Yet Morocco has a Sultan, Mohammed V. As late as August, 1952, the International Court of Justice rendered a judgment in the case of France v. the United States over the rights of Americans in Morocco that "it is not disputed by the French Government that Morocco, even under the Protectorate, has retained its personality as a State in international law." As a French historian wrote, however, the Sultan reigns but does not rule. He makes no laws, has no army, does not engage in foreign affairs. All these things are done by the French administration, the "protectors." For instance, the United States did not consult the Sultan or the Moroccan people about the airbases now being built on Moroccan soil. We agreed to turn over our bases, built with American taxpayers' money, not to Morocco, but to France, when the emergency is over.

Nor will the reader of *Crusade in Europe* be any the wiser about the Protectorate, although in Chapter 7 General Eisenhower had a lot to say about the country. The information came, apparently, from General Patton, who after all was a specialist in tank warfare, not in foreign affairs. He undoubtedly got it from French officials who had been Vichy officials. General Eisenhower did write that General Noguès, who was France's Resident General and High Commissioner in Morocco from 1936 to June 7, 1943, was "untrustworthy and worse," with which few will quarrel. But Eisenhower also wrote that Noguès was "Foreign Minister to the Sultan." The little preposition "to" makes it unclear that Noguès was the Foreign Minister of the Sultan thrust upon him by an alien government in Paris. This is because the Protectorate Treaty of 1912 between France and Morocco deprived the Sultans of control over foreign affairs, putting these and matters of defense exclusively in French hands.

"All reports," wrote Eisenhower, "indicated that he [Noguès] enjoyed the full confidence and friendship of the Moroccans . . . Patton strongly counseled us to let Noguès alone!" Naturally Noguès and his henchmen would have told Patton this, but I did not meet a single Moroccan who would agree with them. Why should they, since it was the Noguès administration which set up a double-standard rationing system allowing Moroccans less than Frenchmen of the necessities of life? Above all, there was no milk ration for Moroccan babies. This alone would have kept Noguès from endearing himself to the Moroccans, who were starving and in rags at the time of the American landing in 1942. There were other things besides, such as the imprisonment and exile of Moroccan subjects, which made Noguès thoroughly hated. In fact, there is only one other European for whom the Moroccans have more scorn, I think. He is Marshal Juin, who, as Resident General from 1947 to 1951, kept in force most of the police-state features of the Vichy administration and added an insult to the Sultan, bluntly giving him orders

in 1951. Juin is the son of a policeman in Bone, Algeria. In reading his speeches, I always felt that he was miscast as High Commissioner in Morocco. Pierre Parent, in an interview in Paris, said that Juin was undoubtedly a good general, but a despicable man.

The Sultan, on the contrary, is respected from one end of the country to the other. You see his picture in homes and shops, even the poorest ones. He has only one weapon against colonialism—his refusal to put his seal on French-drafted laws, which cannot come into force without it. For about ten years now the Sultan has refused to be a rubber stamp, not signing some laws because he considers them not in the best interest of the whole country. The French settlers for whose benefit these laws were intended have been frustrated. They make up less than 5 per cent of the population, but are a noisy, powerful minority. Not wishing to be balked by one man, they have set afoot inquiries as to how the Sultan may be deposed, and have even connived with Moroccan quislings in what amounts to a conspiracy against the sovereign. The French Government has been unable to curb them, in spite of a solemn pledge in Article III of the Protectorate Treaty. France apparently is not willing either to abide by the treaty or to relinquish it, having turned down several proposals of the Sultan to negotiate a new treaty of friendship in keeping with the times.

In an interview printed in the Catholic journal *Esprit*, Pierre Parent talked fully and freely of his life. After working in the *Résistance* during the war, and then sitting as a member of the First Constituent Assembly whose task was to draft a constitution for the Fourth French Republic, he returned to Morocco in 1946 and resigned from all organizations. "I will tell you why," he said. "After 1944, I felt the stirring of a people who wanted what we ourselves had just been fighting for—liberty. I said to myself, 'There is work to do here. Perhaps the job will be tough. I do not have the right to risk the skins of others, only my own. Therefore, I will fight alone.' So I cut myself off from everything."

He never married. On his little farm near Casablanca, he lived with a Moroccan cook, the latter's wife and their seven children. Mr. Parent was raising the children in European style. Five were going to school, the oldest girl to a French school. In order that she might be admitted, he had to prove that she was being brought up in European fashion and knew French. "When you ask why this is necessary," he said, "they tell you that a child who does not know French would not be able to keep up with the class. But a Maltese or a Spanish girl goes to school without knowing French."

After Mr. Parent's arrest in December, his cook, the father of the seven children, was also arrested, and the electricity for the farm was cut off. The farm depends upon irrigation which in turn depends upon electric power



for the motors. It seems clear that the aim was to ruin Mr. Parent and at the same time to show the Moroccans that it is futile and dangerous to have a French friend. Yet practically every pronouncement of the French administration dwells upon the desire to promote Franco-Moroccan friendship. How strange that the man who reached this goal was deported by an administration which was saying in the same breath that it wanted to do exactly what he did.

Asked what he thought of the effectiveness of the French Communists in Morocco, he answered: "The Communist policy has persisted in holding out its arms to the Moroccans, saying, 'They [the French] refuse you the right to organize labor unions. So come to us. You will be our equals.' This is very smart, and yet I do not believe that Communism will take over with the Moslems. It does not fit their thinking. To them it is outlandish . . . The four nationalist parties which signed the Pact of Tangier in 1951 all agreed never to make a United Front with the Communists."

In regard to the Moroccan Jews, Mr. Parent said, "They have adopted an attitude of positive neutrality. . . . When you bring up certain questions, they side-step and change the subject. But one thing is sure: their gratitude to the Sultan. They have not forgotten that the Sultan was opposed to attempts to apply the Vichy laws in Morocco and to put all the Jews back in the ghettos. Today the Jews call themselves Moroccan citizens." It should be recalled that the French administration under Noguès passed anti-Jewish laws in imitation of Vichy France, and in its December 1940 *Information Bulletin* gave itself a pat on the back for doing so.

In November 1952, I resubscribed to *Al Istiqlal*. Then on December 5th, Ferhat Hached, the Tunisian labor leader, was murdered, and a few days later "serious rioting" was reported in Morocco. This is what happened. In Casablanca, on December 7, a crowd of five thousand workers attended a meeting for Hached in the middle of the European city. They returned to their *Bidonville*<sup>1</sup> homes without incident. At ten o'clock that night, the police entered these *Bidonvilles* to arrest the Moroccan leaders. Two Moroccan policemen, one European and several hundred workers were killed. A protest meeting was organized for the next day, Monday. French authorities forbade it, but the Moroccans quietly went to their union meeting. The police fired on this crowd, and in the ensuing mêlée, four Europeans were killed as compared with some two thousand Moroccans. A correspondent for a Belgian paper reported seeing as many as fifty bodies piled up in one place.

There was a state funeral for the four Europeans—it was pictured in *Life* magazine. The Marseillaise was played, and then the Moroccan national anthem, at which the French crowd booed. Machine guns were trained on the

<sup>1</sup> *Bidonville* literally means "tin-can city." It is the French equivalent of the English term "shanty-town."

doorways of mosques as the Moroccans went to mourn their dead. The colonialist press screamed about assassins, fanatics and communists and denounced the Sultan for the following declaration: "I have been grievously distressed by the events which have caused blood to flow in Casablanca. I reprove all acts of violence and I bow before the *Moroccan and French* victims. I pray the Most High to grant me a calm and peaceful reign so that the inhabitants of this country, and in particular Frenchmen and Moroccans, may live together in friendship and peace." [*italics mine.*]

Censorship was reinvoked at once. In a Casablanca paper dated December 11, I read that Mr. Bouabid, *Al-Istiqlal's* editor, and his colleagues had been arrested. The report of Pierre Parent's arrest was suppressed in Morocco but appeared in the Paris papers. The blackout once more, I thought. Incidentally, I had just sent a thousand francs—my subscription to *Al-Istiqlal*—to a graveyard. Weeks later, a card from the Berkeley post office informed me that my money order had been returned with the notation that the payee was "not to be found." I went to collect a few dollars, and the clerk asked, "Are you sure you had the right address?" When I told what had happened, he was dumfounded. His question was the same as mine: how can such things be?

In Paris, at last, some Frenchmen are saying, "Such things must not be." It remains to be seen what their Government will do. Ferhat Hached's murderers go unpunished. Hundreds of Tunisian and Moroccan patriots are still prisoners, and Pierre Parent, as far as I know, is still in exile.

ELEANOR KNIGHT

#### TRANSLATOR'S NOTES:

<sup>1</sup>There follows a translation of the majority of Mr. Parent's articles which were apparently the reason for his expulsion. The first sixteen, entitled "Problems of the Hour," for Morocco's independence, which call for the abrogation of the Protectorate Treaty imposed in 1912. The rest are random, dealing with many and diverse matters.

Those not included are either recapitulations of the main argument or so local in scope and with so little bearing on the present crisis as to warrant their omission for the general foreign reader.

<sup>2</sup>All footnotes are translator's notes.



## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

When, about a year ago, the Moroccans, thanks to the lifting of the censorship which had stifled their thought for ten years, were able to publish their paper, *Al-Istiqlal*, they were kind enough to put its columns at my disposal, a gesture which touched me deeply. I accepted without hesitation. Certainly if I had considered only my own peace of mind or peace period, I would have found reasons—or pretexts anyway—to decline their courteous invitation. I remember well Goethe's advice: "If you want to avoid the cawing of crows, don't plant yourself atop the church spire." But it was not a question of my peace, it was a question of my country. I had to do all I could for my country. This has always been the case, as my past bears witness.

I would have to tell Frenchmen the truth, which the "colonialists" know very well but which they hide, and which a number of my countrymen, fooled by what they are told and by what is concealed from them, know little or nothing about. I would have to stand resolutely as an adversary of the hypocrisy and falsehoods inseparable from "colonialism," and elevated to the importance of an institution under the dictatorship of General Juin.<sup>1</sup> I would have to follow the grand example of Marshal Lyautey, whose work was sabotaged, and cry to my fellow-countrymen to try to open their eyes. I had known for a long time that I would have to struggle against prejudice, red tape and especially injustice, which profit so many people, and that the struggle would be hard and bitter.

To my compatriots I must say: "Frenchmen, you are being deceived. When you are told that the Moroccan opponents of the Protectorate are only a tiny minority, you are not being told the truth. Take the word of a Frenchman who will soon have lived in Morocco for thirty-seven years, who lives with the Moroccans, not beside them like so many, and who knows their innermost thoughts."

"When you are told that the Moroccan nationalists are the enemies of France, again you are not being told the truth. The nationalists I know, may loathe some Frenchmen with justice, but have a profound admiration for France, the entity which has always been a lighthouse for humanity and

should continue so. But they do not find in Morocco the France they admire. They do not understand why France, the homeland of liberty, refuses them all liberty; why France, so righteously jealous of its independence, refuses them independence; why France in Morocco is perpetually at odds with its own ideals."

What is true is that our behavior in North Africa has lost us the friendship of Islam, which Lyautey thought so valuable. What is true is that our conduct in Morocco has sown disaffection in the hearts of the Moroccans, and that if we do not change, the disaffection will turn to hate. What is true, in my opinion, is that the dangerous fools are those whose acts make enemies for France, instead of the friends we need so badly.

Frenchmen, my fellow-countrymen, you hear on every occasion the expression, "French presence" in Morocco. The truth is that if the presence continues to be imposed by bayonets, by force, it will be ephemeral and end in nothing: but if it is accepted, wanted, solicited, it will be lasting. French thought and culture will radiate here without effacing the Moroccan's own thought and culture. The truth is that if we continue to be maladroit, acting in continual opposition to the generous principles of our country, we will create a particularly dangerous adversary in Morocco. In a free and independent Morocco, on the other hand, we can have an infinitely precious ally, people who are our brothers. Then the "French presence" would be a magnificent reality.

I am including a few documents showing the stages of my life in Morocco. Modesty had to be rejected, for it was necessary for my readers to know who I am and what I have done; to know that I have worked in this country for the common good of France and Morocco—and sometimes it was very hard work. That gives me certain rights of which I retain only one: the right to speak the truth, which is for me an obligation as well.

This little pamphlet is the reproduction of articles which *Al-Istiqlal* has been pleased to publish during the past year. I hesitated over having it printed, wondering whether I should not instead write a synthesis. Then I gave up that idea. In spite of the variety which goes with a series of articles having diverse inspirations, I decided to stick strictly to my original thoughts. I have added a letter which I wrote in 1951 to Claude Bourdet and Jean Rous. None has ever dared to deny a single word of it. It will enlighten my countrymen on the heartbreaking atmosphere of lies in which we in Morocco are sometimes obliged to live. I believe that I am serving truth and justice and, in consequence, France, the real France.

Signed: PIERRE PARENT

<sup>1</sup>French Resident General in Morocco from 1947 to 1951, preceding General Guillaume.



## PROBLEMS OF THE HOUR

### I.

*Al Istiqlal*<sup>2</sup>, with a much appreciated objectivity, has been good enough to offer me its columns to give expression to my ideas, which, like all ideas, are debatable, but which will always be stated in good faith. It is high time for ideas to confront one another without constraint. If grave errors have been committed, if misunderstanding between Frenchmen and Moroccans has been aggravated, it is assuredly the fault of men, and of certain ones in particular. But even more than on men the situation must be blamed on a deadly institution, censorship, a veritable stifling of thought. Censorship is always a terrible evil. In time of war it is necessary, but beyond this, as Edouard Herriot<sup>3</sup> wrote, "The suppression of freedom of the press in any country is the first signal of tyranny."

We are now rid of this scourge which for ten years has been so harmful to Morocco. I am glad that it is no longer a crime to express one's thoughts, even if they are not absolutely conformist. Let us hope that it will be unnecessary to behave like one of those complacent or coerced Beni-Oui-Oui<sup>4</sup>.

It is important to examine numerous problems with objectivity and loyalty. These must be the absolute rule, without extremes in either word or deed, but rather with the profound desire to find a true and humane solution. Questions of prestige and selfish interest must disappear in the face of fairness and loyalty. In particular, we must not delude ourselves with words and gargled phrases. Words as a vehicle of thought are admirable. It was Anatole France who said, "Nothing is more powerful than words. The chain of sound reasoning and high thinking is a bond that nothing can break. The word, like the sling of David, destroys the violent and strikes down the mighty. It is an invincible arm. Without it, the world would belong to brute force. What, indeed, holds this in check? Only thought, naked and without arms."

But words alone are not enough. They must be followed by deeds. It is not enough to repeat, as General Guillaume<sup>5</sup> did recently, that France was the first to proclaim the rights of man. It is essential, in daily acts, to live up to these rights, which must be more than a glorious memory. We must be sincere,

<sup>2</sup> "Independence," in Arabic. The weekly newspaper, edited by the Istiqlal Party and published in French, from shortly after the lifting of the censorship in Morocco in August 21st, 1951, until all the Moroccan non-administrative papers were suppressed in Dec. 1952. Its editor and most, if not all, of the workers on the paper were arrested and imprisoned by the French at about the same time. A few days later, the author of these articles was also arrested and expelled from Morocco.

<sup>3</sup> President of the National Assembly of France.

<sup>4</sup> The tribe of "Yes-men," a term frequently applied to the Moroccans who kowtow to the French administration for bribes of one sort or another.

<sup>5</sup> The French Resident-General of Morocco.

as sincere as General Omar Bradley when he said, "The trouble is that our words correspond so rarely to our deeds." We must reconcile words and deeds.

It is possible, even certain, that my ideas, which I like to describe as bold, and which others call utopian, will displease some Moroccans as much as some Frenchmen. This is unavoidable, but allow me to remind you that the past teaches us that the utopia of today is often the reality of tomorrow. What is most lacking right now is boldness and imagination. We are no longer, as formerly—and this is infinitely to be regretted—in the advance guard of human thought. I must give a sorrowful approval to Jacques Moreau, writing in his *Perspectives*: "The Frenchman does not believe in change or believes too late. Then he adapts himself as best he can, often very adroitly. . . . The new spirit will flower in France, but when? An agonizing question which few Frenchmen ask themselves."

I have a lofty ambition. In my small way, I would like to contribute, thanks to the courtesy of my Moroccan friends, to the growth of this new spirit among my countrymen.

### II.

Only the blind and the deaf can believe that a profound Moroccan unrest does not exist. But too many people shut their eyes willfully and nobody is as deaf as he who does not want to hear. The unrest is only too real. Although it has considerably increased these past few years, it was already possible in 1933 to write that the gulf between Frenchmen and Moroccans was widening. I tried at that time to analyse a situation which I judged very grave, and I searched for what could be done to arrive at a better mutual understanding. It was like a voice crying in the wilderness.

The elements of the problem are extremely simple. The Moroccans want to be their own masters. They demand independence for their country and liberty for their people. The French, while not opposing this in principle, put off the realization of Moroccan aspirations. The whole trouble stems from this. For the Moroccans to want their country to be free and independent is not only their right but their duty, as it is the duty of Frenchmen to want a free and independent France. Why then cannot Moroccan aspirations be satisfied, beginning now? *A priori*, there is nothing which says that Morocco cannot be independent, like Abyssinia or India or the Philippines, and allied to France as the Philippines are allied to the United States or as India to Britain. What reasons can there be against what seems perfectly normal and sensible?

The reasons are multiple and the best ones are not usually admitted. But are they valid? That is what we must determine. First it is indispensable



to find out why and under what circumstances France became installed in Morocco and how the grave unrest, recognized and deplored today, was created and magnified.

### III.

I agree with Anatole France that a day will come when pictures of battles will no longer be shown to children, for these pictures will be considered immoral spectacles. I also believe that our children will consider colonialism an incredible monstrosity. However, I observe today with profound astonishment that there are many who do not yet share these views. I am alluding not only to adventurers and gamblers whose only rule of conduct is making money by any means at hand, I am also thinking of those good and honest people who have been persuaded that black is white.

What is colonialism? It is the taking possession by one nation of other nations and peoples in order to impose its will and its ideas and thereby to make the greatest possible profit. I know people swear that the object is to civilize, and by "civilize" is meant Europeanize. I know that even when conquest is achieved with arms it is called "peaceful penetration," and that the enslaved peoples are asserted to be happier than when they were free, that a noble disinterestedness is claimed when the real motive is the most sordid interest. Those who invent such slogans do not believe them, but a mass of good people accept them as gospel.

Colonialism is an open wound just as slavery used to be. Of course, there is colonialism and colonialism, and I am glad that French colonialism is not like that of the Anglo-Saxons in North America where whole peoples disappeared, victims of disease even more than of force. I know it has been said that every railroad tie in Black Africa represents a dead African. I know too that some regions of our Black Africa have been depopulated, but this has been due in large part to flight to neighboring British colonies because of fear of portage or military service.

In reality, although French colonialism is as hateful as any other, there are surely fewer outrages with us than there have been in many other places. But this is small consolation for those who are under our domination. When foreigners, whoever they are, settle in a country to "colonize" it, they behave as the masters, however noble the principles claimed by the conquering nation.

Would you like an example? It goes without saying that when a chief of State visits a colony, everything is arranged so that he shall find nothing to criticize and everything shall appear in the best possible light. But read the reflections of Emile Loubet, President of the French Republic, after his trip to Algeria in 1903. After paying due respect to the work of the French settlers, he added, "The native seemed to me to be submissive, faithful and capable

of absorbing a higher degree of civilization. We must, out of humanity as well as self interest, treat him kindly and with justice. I suspect that the administrators and officials who come in contact with him do so rather as masters than as protectors and teachers." And the Secretary-General of the President of the Republic admitted that "he had been chagrined, at a banquet, to hear a colonial official talk to an Arab chief, who wore the Legion of Honor, in a tone of the most shocking impertinence." I repeat, all this was on the occasion of the visit of the chief of State, when everybody was trying to cover up all imperfections. Judge, then, what is the reality.

Only self interest guides the colonialists. Consideration for the colonized peoples scarcely enters their minds. One of our Ministers of the Colonies, M. Decraix, who, according to those who knew him well, was a perfect gentleman, replied as follows when asked the importance of Madagascar: "In particular, something to trade in case of negotiations with other European Powers." This gentleman had no perception that he was saying something outrageous and profoundly immoral. Did we not, in fact, trade a part of the Congo for a part of the German Cameroons? Did we not cede part of Tibesti to Italy? Stock in trade!

"True," you will say, "but you are talking about colonies. Morocco is not a colony." No, Morocco is not a colony. It is, in principle, a protectorate. Let us see what it is in fact.

### IV.

We are solemnly assured that Morocco is not a colony, but a protectorate. We shall examine this assertion later on. First let us see how France came to set up her protectorate over the Sherifian Empire.<sup>6</sup>

France and Spain were both interested in the country. France had a long land frontier with Morocco (Algeria), and the coast of the Iberian peninsula is close to the Moroccan coast, where Spain already had some territory in full sovereignty. Note that Spain, which burned with indignation at England's occupation of Gibraltar, was not at all disturbed about her own installations at Ceuta and Melilla. But Spain and France were not the only ones interested. England and Germany both had important trade with Morocco, nor was Italy disposed to shut her eyes.

The bargaining and trading among the Powers was frightful and shocking. It is hard to understand such conduct among nations when it is considered dishonorable among individuals. In brief, England renounced her interest in Morocco, and France hers in Egypt. France gave Italy a free hand in Tripolitania, in return for which Italy relinquished her Moroccan interests. For a

<sup>6</sup> As a direct descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, the Sultan carries the noble title of Sherif; hence Morocco is known as the Sherifian Empire.



piece of the French Congo, Germany changed her mind about supporting an independent Morocco. Finally, France and Spain haggled over strips of the country which each wished to incorporate in its zone. Naturally the press was not silent. Reputable French journalists wrote indignant articles, demanding the restitution (!) of Larache and El Ksar<sup>7</sup> by Spain. Can all this really have happened? Surely we are dreaming!

I have made a rapid survey of these events, but in fact they took years. Each Great Power gave to another something which did not belong to it in return for something to which it had no right. Thus France finally obtained the approval of the other Powers to impose a protectorate on the Sultan in 1912.

## V.

In spite of the unethical negotiations of which it was the consequence, the protectorate which France assumed in 1912 had a magnificent chance of success in the beginning. There were two main reasons for this: Morocco possessed first-rate human resources, and the country's destiny was placed in the hands of a really great man, Lyautey.

Like all men, Lyautey had faults, and greater ones than most. As La Rochefoucauld says, great faults characterize great men. But Lyautey knew how to dominate, with heart and mind, the atavism which comes down to us through generations for whom the rape of a country and a people was a highly meritorious deed. His luminous intelligence and remarkable intuition enabled him to understand the needs, feelings, and thoughts of the Moroccans, and he was the ideal instrument to undertake the modernization of the country. While respecting all its traditions, he could still lead the Sherifian Empire in a short time to the full realization of its destiny as a free and sovereign state.

As a young officer in command of a German prisoner-of-war camp, and later as president of the French Veterans' Association, I was in frequent touch with the "boss," absorbing many of his teachings, for which I am infinitely grateful. I believed in his formula of the protectorate, a humane formula which has been betrayed by those who now call themselves his disciples. I will repeat it often, if only to show how shamelessly it has been sabotaged. It is simply this: "The concept of the protectorate is that of a country keeping its institutions, governing itself in its own fashion, under the simple control of a European power." Like all formulas, this could not be rigidly applied, especially in the beginning.

Morocco did not lack leaders. Lyautey himself tells us that the Sherifian Empire, where we found "an established empire and a great and magnificent

civilization," possessed "political, religious and business leaders whom it would be folly to ignore, to slight or to set aside." But these leaders, already at hand, were to be "adapted," and this meant a certain delay which was further prolonged by the war in 1914.

But now it is 1951, and the Lyautey formula has never been applied in Morocco. We never made a protectorate, but simply a colony, with direct, colonial administration. This was the catastrophe, the cause of all the trouble and of the grave unrest from which Morocco suffers today. The country is run by a French administration which Lyautey described as follows: "It is difficult to imagine anything with more routine, more inactivity, more opposition to every practical idea, more hypertrophy from its own infallibility." To all that must be added one other thing which I run into in my little corner of the country—incompetence. We shall try to examine what this direct administration has been able to do to Lyautey's magnificent program.

## VI.

Nobody in Europe or anywhere else envies us—The Ad-min-is-tration—a plethoric, anonymous monster, grinding up and destroying the good intentions and ideas of its best members, those who really want to be of service. In Morocco it is more than ever the maleficent entity which made Lyautey say, "I am less afraid of a battle with five thousand Zaïans<sup>8</sup> than of trying to get a paper from an office which doesn't want to let it go." The administration is the very opposite of Gallieni's conception: "Our administrators and our officials must defend the interests confided to their charge in the name of common sense, not fight them in the name of regulations." In Morocco, the administration operates in such a way as to solve no problem, but merely to pass it on from desk to desk while making sure that no traces are left on one's own. As a consequence of "the hypertrophy of infallibility," it speaks *ex cathedra* and never admits a mistake. And it besmirches the good name of France by identifying itself with France, calling all its critics bad Frenchmen, if not traitors.

In France, the administration has at least certain checks, but in Morocco there is nothing to stand in its way. It does not serve the people, but the people are made to serve it. Although, according to the true spirit of the protectorate, Morocco's own leaders should simply have been guided by [French] administrators carefully chosen and particularly qualified, these same leaders, who asked nothing better than to be trained, have been pushed aside. The country has been crushed by an administrative machinery which ought never to have existed, and which is for the Moroccans—let us not forget—an alien machinery.

<sup>8</sup> A tribe in Morocco particularly noted for its fierce and warlike character.

<sup>7</sup> Northern Moroccan towns.



If the protectorate treaty had been applied according to both the spirit and the letter, Morocco today, after forty years of the "French presence," instead of being profoundly troubled would be an independent nation, allied with France, governing itself with its own officials aided by French counselors whom it would have chosen and asked for from France. For better or for worse, it would be freely associated with France. Moreover, it would be the ideal link between us and those other Moslem countries with whom we used to have close ties which we are now in the course of undoing.

I am sure that some will say, "But it is thanks to this very administration that we have built the splendid edifice in Morocco which the whole world admires." We will talk later of what has been done here, which is indeed considerable. For now, let me say that those who boast of it should perhaps be reminded of the words of Aeschylus—"Pride, son of success, devours its father." Even if were a thousand times greater than it is, even if it were absolutely without flaw, what we have done here cannot be the pretext or the justification for depriving a nation of its independence or a people of liberty.

## VII.

The principle of the protectorate, so remarkably defined by Lyautey, has been completely falsified in its application in Morocco. You can argue in vain, using subterfuges and even falsehoods, but you cannot change the fact that the Lyautey formula has been betrayed. I repeat it: "The concept of the protectorate is that of a country keeping its institutions, governing itself in its own fashion, under the simple control of a European power." We have done just the opposite.

People in general avoid a discussion of this point, preferring to consider the "material achievements" which impress every visitor. If we do consider solely the technical aspect, we can say that our work in Morocco has been extremely successful. Since this is not a protectorate, however, but a colony in fact, it follows that we are the "masters." Where there are masters, there are bound to be servants, and even when these are not altogether neglected, they are less well taken care of than the masters. This is what has happened in Morocco. The remarkable technical achievements were undertaken first for the Europeans, and then for the Moroccans. Thus, as I wrote a short time ago, when there was one hospital bed for 185 Europeans, at the same time there was one bed for 2,150 Moroccans. The administration spent more than 3 million dollars for European housing up to 1948 and less than 2½ million for Moroccan housing.<sup>9</sup> In everything else there is a similar proportion.

<sup>9</sup> The present population of Morocco is given as 9,500,000 Moroccans, 500,000 Europeans.

Everybody is aware of the situation as far as schools are concerned. Hundreds of thousands of Moroccan children are without schools, while every facility is supplied for little Europeans.

All this, unfortunately, is normal in a colonial regime, no matter which European power is responsible, but this makes it no less immoral and deplorable. Technical superiority does not give one country rights over another. If that were the case, France would be an American colony; the Germans would have been right when they said that, because their science enabled them to get better harvests from their poor land than the French from their rich land, the "decadent" French should therefore bow to the German yoke. We naturally rebel at such reasoning, but are quite ready to apply it to others.

The plumber and electrician who work for me because I do not know how to install electricity or a water connection have no rights to my house. Imagine, then, a situation where the plumber and electrician break into my house and do what they please without consulting me. Technical achievements, however efficient or brilliant, confer no political rights on the engineers who accomplish them, even if these latter are disinterested. This is all the more true when self-interest is the motive.

## VIII.

Our technical progress which everybody admires is often used as an argument for not giving political freedom to the Moroccans, but it is not the only one. The Moroccans, you will often hear, are incapable of governing themselves. They are not democratic and, subject to a Moroccan government, would be much worse off than they now are under the so-called protectorate.

The first of these statements may have some weight. Unfortunately it is a terrible indictment against us. If, after forty years of the protectorate, the Moroccans are incapable of governing themselves, it is because we have taught them nothing. It is we who must bear the responsibility. Lyautey said—and I quote him word for word—"We found in Morocco a people which was hardworking, proud, intelligent, open-minded and ready to cooperate." We found "numerous personages who had been ambassadors of an independent Morocco in St. Petersburg, London, Berlin, Madrid and Paris, accompanied there by attachés and secretaries, men of general culture who dealt as equals with European statesmen, who had knowledge and skill in political affairs." We found "a great religious center and a first-rate economic team, with an enlightened *élite*, formed by birth, tradition, the hereditary exercise of authority, the practice of business and foreign trade, and inclined toward reading and progress." If, having found all that, we have not in forty years been able or known how to teach these people to govern themselves, it is because we ourselves are utterly incapable or else clearly ill-intentioned. This is the choice we have, and it might be better to abandon this line of argument.



For my part, I know very well that in 1926, during the war in the Riff, the government faced enormous difficulties by reason of privation and suffering caused by the war itself, and because of the intrigues fomented by all the European countries, and yet the people were able to govern themselves more or less successfully. I was sometimes more than astonished. I was actually dumbfounded by their democratic methods.

As for the second statement—that the Moroccans would be worse off under their own government—it is purely gratuitous. It is in absolute contradiction to the declarations of *all* Moroccan political parties as well as to the behavior of numerous individual Moroccans. I have exchanged ideas with several Moroccan trade unionists (not official ones of course<sup>10</sup>) and can affirm that they would be quite at home as officials of European trade unions. I have talked with Moroccans who have studied in France and in Morocco and, although we have not always agreed, their ideas have given me wholesome food for thought.

The Moroccans should have been ready to govern themselves a long time ago; they can be ready in a short time and under the best circumstances. The reasons invoked to delay their political liberation are only pretexts. Moroccans are perfectly capable of understanding and of practicing democracy. Like all nations, Morocco has a right to independence and to liberty. The second depends upon the first. As a French Restoration General said, "Independence is the first need of any people. Liberty is only the second."

#### IX.

It is impossible to disagree that Morocco has a right to independence. Rarely do I run into a categorical "no" when I make that statement. Rather I meet a constrained acquiescence, immediately followed by objections. "Yes," people say, "but . . ." Inevitably l'Aiglon's famous speech comes to mind: "I am not a prisoner, but . . ."<sup>11</sup>

<sup>10</sup> Moroccan workers have no right to organize labor unions. Only French workers have such rights.

<sup>11</sup> From Edmond Rostand's play, *L'AIGLON*, Napoleon's son, the Duke of Reichstadt. The whole quotation is:

"I admire that 'but.'"

Do you realize all that that 'but' means?

Oh God! Not a prisoner, *but* . . . That's the word. The formula.

Prisoner? Not for an instant! *But*—there are always people around me.

I, a prisoner? Don't believe it. *But* . . . If I want to take a walk in the park, suddenly there is an eye behind each leaf.

Certainly I am not a prisoner, *but* . . . when someone wants to speak to me in private, an ear sprouts from the door, like a mushroom.

I am not really a prisoner, *but* . . . if I go riding, I am conscious of the unheralded honor of an escort whom I cannot see.

I am not in the least a prisoner, *but* . . . I am the second to read my mail.

Not a prisoner at all, *but* . . . every night there is a footman at my door. Look, there he goes. I, the Duke of Reichstadt, a prisoner? Never!

I'm not-a-prisoner-but."

We have already noted their arguments. Some of these people are insincere; others do not wish to examine the problem closely for fear of making themselves uncomfortable. But there are still others caught between honesty and patriotism. It is a patriotism ill-conceived, in my opinion, expressed by the English motto, "My country, right or wrong." These people are crucified between what they judge their honest duty and their patriotic duty. They try desperately to reconcile the two, which are really one. For what is truly French must also be absolutely honest. Can one be a true Frenchman, claiming liberty for himself while denying it to others? Can one be the true son of the land of equality and at the same time a privileged individual in a foreign country? No really good Frenchman can tolerate such a situation. It is not in accord with the spirit or with the principles of France.

#### X.

The expression, "the French presence," is often used in Morocco and by many people, but they do not all mean the same thing. Let's not waste time on those for whom it means acquiring positions in the administration and adding to the fortunes which they have already amassed. For them France is a commodity by means of which they foster their own interests to the maximum. When they talk of "serving France," they really mean using France.

Aside from these people, who do untold harm to the prestige of our country, there are others for whom the French presence in Morocco means a French Resident General, a French army and a French administration. In short, it is French domination. From an ethical point of view, they are not certain that this *is* praiseworthy and prefer not to think about the question. From the sentimental point of view, such a state of affairs is not displeasing, and at the bottom of their hearts they hope to see it perpetuated. Selfish interest is not their motivation, but patriotism, which from my point of view is completely erroneous. They refuse to admit that the French presence means constraint and domination, both quite contrary to French principles. Their national pride is satisfied, and they prefer to let their consciences sleep.

Finally, there are those like me, who attach a quite different meaning to the French presence. For them it does not take form in bayonets, in jet planes, or in bureaucrats. They know that all manifestations of force, brutal or bland, violent or persuasive, have never created anything lasting. They would like the French presence to mean a continuing creation where men's aspirations are untrammelled. It does not become manifest in the number of people conquered by force of arms, but in the number of hearts won over to a voluntary acceptance, not of one belief, one doctrine or one method, but of the whole body of French thought and French culture acclaimed throughout the world.

To a regiment of French soldiers quartered in a city, they prefer a French university. They know that one day the regiment will depart, but French



thought will remain and spread as long as Frenchmen are faithful to their history. The French presence can get along very well without fanfare and clanking of arms. I even go so far as to say that it can do without heroes and great men, for whom the people generally pay dearly and who rarely contribute to their happiness. The words of La Bruyère are food for thought: "A hero and a great man together are not equal to one good man."

The French presence is in no way proportionate to the fortunes or positions acquired by Frenchmen. Certainly it is desirable for the French in Morocco to have a good life, but we should never forget that the "proprietors"—those whom we may call the head of the house—are Moroccans.

I can hear people say with a pitying smile, "These are utopian ideas, an intellectual's view, a pure abstraction." Perhaps. But let these people recall that in 1914, Germany was on the point of winning the war. It was defeated by force of arms, of course, but also as much by what are called "imponderables." Let these people recall that the famous "realists" of Vichy, who thought it clever to collaborate with Hitler, were really small men who bet on the wrong card: force. One man, Gandhi, liberated his country by the sole power of an idea. Perhaps then they will understand what Anatole France meant when he paid homage to the power of thought, which alone, naked and without arms, can keep brute armies from overrunning the world. Perhaps they will begin to realize that the French presence as we conceive it is infinitely more desirable, and more profitable, for our country than those other concepts which are nothing but colonialism, the source of injustice, dissension and hatreds.

## XI.

We are willing to recognize the Moroccans' right to be "nationalists," on one condition—that they do not exercise this right. We recognize their desire to govern themselves as legitimate, but . . . later, in a far-off and nebulous future. We, who call ourselves the spiritual descendants of Descartes, are indefinite on this point. Our position throws doubt on our good faith. The United Nations have set a precise time for the independence of Libya and Somaliland, but we stubbornly refuse to do the same for Morocco, and are therefore justly suspect, even by some of our sincerest friends.

Nineteen years ago I declared that we ought to explain our plans to the Moroccans—the immediate steps and then the future ones—and I wrote: "The traveler walking wearily along a dusty road, almost overcome with the heat, will nevertheless keep going with patience and perseverance if he knows where the springs are along the way so that he may rest and regain his strength. But if he has no idea where or when he will arrive, he is bound to lose patience and be overcome with despair."

Things in 1952 are exactly the same as in 1933. The Somalis know their timetable exactly, but the Moroccans know neither where nor when they will

arrive. And so I repeat, they are bound to lose patience and be overcome with despair.

It was reported recently that General Guillaume told a press conference that the Moroccans were not ready for independence because there was only one native Moroccan architect. If his remark was correctly reported, I must answer that it does not seem pertinent to me. Assuredly, it would be desirable if there were more Moroccan architects, but if an independent Morocco required a hundred architects, it could get ninety-nine from abroad. This is, in fact, what Abyssinia and Siam and many other countries do. We French are unable to equip all our French airlines with French planes and are obliged to use some American ones. But I refuse to admit that this gives the United States the right to restrict our independence.

It is time we realized that our conduct—our reticence, our indecision and our declarations without foundation in fact—makes a very bad impression abroad. And when I say "abroad," I do not mean only in Arab countries, where we have alienated almost everybody. One has only to read Swedish, Swiss, Indian and English newspapers to see that our position is judged severely. Our history has led people to expect something very different. We are no longer living in a time when we can defy world opinion. France, today, cannot live in an ivory tower, in regard either to politics or to economics. Nor is it in our interest to try.

We can no longer pretend to have the material wealth of countries like the United States, Russia or the British Commonwealth. But we can, and we should try to remain a spiritual leader. Let us prove it in Morocco. In this country, we ought to furnish proof of our absolute good faith, complete objectivity and scrupulous honesty. And in the end, this will be the wisest policy.

## XII.

Good faith, objectivity and honesty, as I have said, are the categorical imperatives for our conduct in Morocco, but I confess that such a course is difficult since colonization is itself essentially immoral. We have recently had proof of this in the reprimand of our Togo administration by the United Nations' Trusteeship Council. We read little in the press on this embarrassing subject.

I have already declared that Morocco has the right to independence and to liberty. Two questions then arise:

1. Can Morocco be free and independent under the present regime?
2. Is Morocco ready for freedom and independence?

I honestly believe that if we had applied Lyautey's formula of the protectorate, excluding all direct administration, Morocco would never have known the serious unrest of today, and that it would now be a sovereign state and the ally of France. I also believe that many Moroccans were of this opinion,



because the Plan of Reforms presented to the French authorities by the Nationalists in 1934 demanded only the honest application of the protectorate treaty.

Since, however, we have completely betrayed both the letter and the spirit of Lyautey's formula, and since our colonial egotism has had full sway, I am convinced that a continuation of the present regime will put Morocco's independence and liberty in a distant future and with very serious impediments to the full enjoyment of that independence. Colonial powers—even those who have recently shown common sense and a capacity which we, alas, have not—always delay the liberation of their dependent peoples as long as possible. I agree wholeheartedly with André Malraux that peoples become civilized fastest when they are not controlled by others. Even in the technical aspects, colonies become Europeanized more slowly than independent countries. We have some good examples. In 1854, no European could land in Japan. Fifty years later, Japan was a great power, owing her progress to European and American experts, but having achieved it because she remained her own master. Turkey, bound by capitulations, subject to intervention of other powers with or without pretext, was for a long time "the sick man of Europe." Liberated from this bondage, Turkey is today a modern European state, governing herself as well or as badly as any other.

If we sincerely want Morocco to progress, then the country must not be subject to a colonial regime, incorrectly called a protectorate. It must be free and it cannot be free without having obtained independence. And I insist that the interest of France demands a free and independent Morocco, paradoxical as that may seem to people who still hold 18th century ideas, and annoying as it may be to others who keep their ideas in their wallets.

### XIII.

We come now to my second question: is Morocco ready for independence? In 1948 I wrote: "In the normal course of events, once Morocco is independent, the people should elect representatives to draw up a constitution. Is this possible now? I do not think so, but it does appear possible in the near future."

Since writing this, I have changed my mind. I believe that what seemed impossible in 1948 can now be done. Two problems used to worry me. First, the considerable number of illiterate Moroccans, and second their lack of political experience. I thought that elections would be extremely difficult to carry on, and that those who were elected, having been for so long excluded from public affairs, would face a task beyond their capacity. What has happened to make me change my mind in such a short time?

In the first place, the Moroccans—I am speaking of the people of the bled<sup>12</sup>

<sup>12</sup> *The country, as opposed to town or city.*

whom I know well, but I suppose that what I am going to say is even more applicable to the city people—have, in the last few years, acquired not political experience, for this is not allowed, but a kind of maturity which is both astonishing and impressive.

Some Europeans, who have been in Morocco a short time and who do not speak Arabic, think they know this country. Although I have lived here for over a third of a century, I am still amazed by what I do not know. I talk with the country people as much as possible, and as a result I have had to acknowledge, without having yet discovered the reasons, that they are concerned with the broad questions which interest all people everywhere, questions about which they often have ideas that are by no means superficial. Some have extremely interesting theories which I ponder in connection with purely local problems. Of course, there are still many whose horizons are limited—like the young French recruit, with whom I talked recently, for whom the French Republic was a vague sort of queen of France who lived in Paris! On the whole, however, there has been enormous progress, which I for one had not foreseen, and which is quite surprising. Is it due to the activity of Moroccan political parties, or to a wider diffusion of newspapers which a few Moroccans translate for many others, or to the expanding influence of the radio? I cannot answer as yet, but this is a profoundly interesting question.

Then there is the remarkable example of the elections in India—a lesson for Morocco. In this small country, as compared to India, at least as much, if not more, could be achieved and with considerably less effort. I have read authoritative reports on Pakistan, India, Indonesia and most recently Lebanon, by various writers of different nationalities. They all show that in countries whose people are still largely illiterate, with no or almost no political experience, earnest, hard-working governments have been established, in spite of enormous internal difficulties and of the intrigues of the great powers whose interests lie in proving that their "colonizing mission" should continue.

Finally, I have come to the conclusion that even if an independent Morocco, with its illiteracy and lack of experience, with all the natural and contrived difficulties which it would have to face, could not set up a perfect regime, it could establish a government that would be better for the people than what now exists. The Moroccans would at least know what independence and liberty mean, something they do not know at present.

"I am convinced that an inspired eagerness would supplement lack of evidence—and this is happening in all those countries which have recently acquired independence."

That an inspired eagerness would supplement lack of experience and enable that experience to be acquired in record time, not as now, with an agonizing



slowness. In short, I repeat: Moroccan independence, right now, is not only desirable, but it is also feasible.

#### XIV.

If this is true—if independence is desirable and feasible, if it is the right of every people to administer its own affairs—why does a program so eminently equitable and logical meet with so many obstacles? Because it inconveniences many people and worries many more.

It inconveniences those who think that if they were no longer the “bosses,” business would slow up, their investments would be curtailed and their profits diminished. Colonial adventurers, unfortunately so numerous and so influential, are sure that it is easier to exploit a dependent people than a free people. Perhaps they are right. If so, that is still another reason in favor of Morocco’s independence.

There are other people who imagine that they might be annoyed or even subject to hardships if they were no longer the “privileged ones” in Morocco, the undisputed masters who run the country as they please. They cannot resign themselves to being what in fact they are—Frenchmen in a foreign country. They feel that a different state of affairs would lessen their importance and diminish French prestige. Although they do not contest in principle the Moroccan people’s right to independence, they hope deep down in their hearts that it will not be realized, at least not during their lifetime. No selfish interest is at stake here, but only a chauvinistic vanity and pride of race. Their mistaken notion, however, plays right into the hands of others who are not disinterested.

Finally, for a third group, there is a veritable struggle with conscience. These people consider it absolutely legitimate for the Moroccans to be their own masters and perfectly normal for them to aspire to independence, but they are not sure that independence would result in freedom for the Moroccans. They cite Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy as examples. These were indeed independent nations, but neither the German nor the Italian people were ever free. Such memories of the recent past make them hesitate and they say: “Surely Morocco has a right to independence, but suppose that independence does not bring freedom to the people. Suppose the Moroccans were merely to change masters, escaping from colonial domination only to fall under a feudal or class domination. Is it really our duty to give Morocco independence when that might not liberate the Moroccans?”

The scruples of my countrymen who argue this way are worthy of respect—I am speaking of those who are sincere. Not ignoble thought but rather a lofty regard for the individual human being is the cause of their indecision. They are disposed to do their duty, but not sure where their duty lies. I understand them all the better for having passed through the same phase; I might

even say the same anguish. I questioned my conscience and I questioned a great many people. I undertook numerous small surveys, for I felt that life in my corner of the *bled* did not reflect all of Morocco. I feared that the trees might keep me from seeing the forest, so I travelled about the country, talking to all kinds of people from many different regions. No doubt I amazed many, who must have wondered what on earth I was doing.

I arrived at the following conclusion: we do not have the right to keep Morocco in servitude. We must grant it independence. This independence, as of now, would mark a large step forward toward Morocco’s development and at the same time give to the Moroccan people a freedom which they do not now enjoy. Moreover, it would serve the best interests of France. Actually we are in a position where duty and interest are one.

#### XV.

But, first of all, some absurd myths must be destroyed. Some people claim, often quite insincerely, that Moroccan independence would be the signal for the French who now live here to leave. They add that this would not be a peaceful departure, but would be accompanied by every kind of violence. Such talk is easily come by, but sensible people find it hard to swallow. Not only are all Moroccan political parties agreed that absolute respect will be shown for both the material and cultural interests of Europeans, but they all affirm as well that they still need French help. An independent Morocco would seek to employ hundred of teachers for its children, for example, where we have so far recruited only a handful. It would be the same for engineers. Is this not what has happened in the Philippines, in Ceylon and elsewhere? The only difference would be that these “experts,” instead of being “masters” in the country, would be welcome guests. In Siam, most of the doctors are Europeans, but they were not appointed without consulting the Siamese. The Siamese government picked them and then offered them contracts. The Moroccans, who appreciate French science and culture, would do the same. They realize clearly the difference between the France which they admire, and those men who are Frenchmen in name only.

As I have already said, Moroccan independence means to some people a loss of French prestige. To me, the reverse is true. I think it is absurd to believe that an act of justice and equity can lessen the prestige of the country which performs it. Did the prestige of the United States decrease when it granted independence to the Philippines? I am positive that the present grave unrest would be immediately replaced in a Morocco promised its independence by an atmosphere of joyous thanksgiving, in which miracles could be accomplished for the benefit of both France and Morocco.

As for those who do not take a position because of uncertainty as to what



would become of the Moroccans in an independent Morocco, let me say this. Their perfect innocence, their absolute honesty run the risk of being exploited by the hypocrites who have no respect for such sentiments and are trying to put off the day when they will have to do business with a free people. Moreover, it is possible that too many scruples can lead to the opposite of the goal sought. The fear that independence might not give the Moroccans everything that is desirable can lead to an inertia far worse than the imagined dangers. In fact, from fear of not giving the Moroccans the liberty they deem indispensable, these people are now sanctioning the suppression of all liberty under the present regime. And, indeed, their fear is without foundation. The proposals of the different Moroccan political parties and the clear and precise declarations of the Sultan show that all, without exception, look to a democratic way of life as the only way for the Moroccan people. Such unanimity should be appreciated and accepted in good faith.

Finally, an independent Morocco would not sever its ties with France. Quite the contrary. Those ties would no longer bind a vassal to his lord, but would unite two equals in a community of common, fruitful effort. An independent Morocco would welcome Frenchmen, whom it needs and of whom it asks only one thing—friendship. A true and very precious friendship for France.

## XVI.

Given a free and independent Morocco, what would be the respective positions of France and Morocco? These would have to be settled by negotiations between the two countries and it would be rash to attempt to suggest the outcome now. But I always come back to the idea of a great Frenchman, Jaurès, who was resolutely opposed to the protectorate, who foresaw its evils and advocated instead a solid Franco-Moroccan alliance. In my opinion, this was the best solution at the time and remains so today. Will Morocco join the French Union? It is possible. I realize that all Moroccan political groups signed a pact not to join at Tangier, on the 9th of April, 1951. Their position might be revised, however, if circumstances were to change. I think the decision of the Moroccan leaders was the result of bitterness and resentment born of the extreme methods we employ against them. Another reason is doubtless the fact that the French Union up to now is no more than a concept on paper corresponding to nothing actually in existence. That is so true that, as we have seen in meetings of the National Assembly, even Cabinet Ministers do not know exactly what the French Union is. We hear on French broadcasts and on Algerian broadcasts, under news from the French Union, reports concerning Tunisia and Morocco, neither of which is a member of the French Union. A modified and more precisely defined Union, whose name, form and content

would give rise to no suspicions and which would really be a bond uniting peoples equal in both rights and duties, would surely be acceptable to Moroccans.

But even if the Moroccans would not join a French Union, a Franco-Moroccan alliance would be the best goal for both countries. This is why I wrote a few years ago: "If we consider only practical questions and our own selfish interest, leaving ethics aside, where does France's real interest lie? Nobody has ever kept a people from winning its freedom. Is it better then for France to have under her heel eight million Moroccans, who will soon be ten million, at the end of their patience, taut and fuming, eventually becoming our enemies, declared or clandestine? Or is it better to have an independent Morocco, impregnated with French thought and culture, freely associated with us as a friend and ally?"

To put the question is, in my opinion, to resolve it. Our duty is clear and imperative. To serve our country is to help Morocco to become a prosperous, modern state. And for this to happen quickly, it must be free. In pursuit of this ideal, France's interest and obligations are one. With all our strength and all our faith we must work to set aside the bad shepherds who know the generous principles of France only to betray them. We must work so that a modern, independent Morocco may take her place alongside France, in liberty, equality and fraternity, among free nations. We can and we must attain this goal quickly, and then we shall be worthy of both France and Morocco.

## NO, THAT IS NOT FRANCE!

For Frenchmen conscious of our great past and of our obligations, it has been painful and saddening to read the newspapers of France on the Tunisian and Moroccan crises. I am not including those few whose dignity, honesty and will to seek the facts allow us to hope for some reason and common sense. On the whole, intelligent comment has been rare, and Montaigne has once again been proved right: "All the ills of this world come from stupidity." But his formula is incomplete, I think. Paris papers may be excused for failing to understand some of the things they write about, but this does not hold for the North African press when it writes about North African affairs. For it, we are obliged to add to Montaigne's dictum and say, "The ills of the world come from stupidity and bad faith."

There is another danger as serious as the cant of the press. Fortunately some people come to Morocco with the honest intention of informing themselves, but there are too many others—politicians, some of them members of parliament—who come seeking arguments to support their preconceived ideas.



They stay a few days in the Sherifian Empire, pick up information here and there which they cannot or do not want to check, and go back to France. There, alas, for the mass of the people they pass as experts on North Africa. Such men are dangerous.

There is another aspect to this which is profoundly distressing. The expediency of the methods used by Tunisians and Moroccans to attain their goal—a goal entirely praiseworthy, the independence of their country—is open to discussion. Whether certain claims are well-founded and certain statements correct may be questioned. A courteous, objective discussion, with honest exposition of all points of view, can, in my opinion, create an atmosphere of mutual esteem even when there are differences of opinion. But we have all read articles which to my mind are revolting. It is said that the Moroccans who want independence are fanatics, extremists, crazy men who must be curbed. On the other hand, Moroccans who accept the vassalage of their country, who find it normal to be neither free nor independent, are considered solid citizens with sound common sense who merit our esteem and support.

What insanity! How can Frenchmen thus insult by implication all those in the course of our history from Joan of Arc to the Resistance against Vichy and Hitler, who have struggled and suffered, often at the cost of their lives, so that our country might be free and independent? On reading these newspapers, one is filled with scorn mixed with disgust. I shudder to imagine what foreign readers may think of us.

I shudder also on reading articles like that by André Siegfried in *Figaro*, copied complacently in the local papers. For André Siegfried, it matters little whether the cause he defends is just or not, whether he is right or not. "It may be," he writes, "that we are neither always nor altogether right, but we defend the positions whose loss would imperil Western influence." If that is not cynicism, I do not know the meaning of the word. As an old veteran of 1914-1918, I am absolutely revolted by this unexpected rehabilitation of von Bethmann Hollweg. The German Chancellor of 1914 admitted that Germany was wrong in invading Belgium, but added "necessity knows no law."

We justly pilloried von Bethmann Hollweg. We proclaimed that moral values were more important, and in the end more powerful and effective, than acts dictated by sordid interests. This is still true, and I implore my Moroccan friends to rest assured that these moral values still retain their supreme importance for the vast majority of Frenchmen. I say to my Moroccan friends that they would commit a grave error in thinking, as they might if they believed the thoughtless remarks of Mr. Siegfried, that immorality can be a rule of conduct for France.

## CORRESPONDENCE

I have been agreeably surprised by the letters I have received following a series of articles in *Al-Istiqal*. I am grateful to my correspondents, men and women—the latter being more numerous—for their observations, the information and the ideas which they have shared with me. It is all very comforting and proves that common sense, justice and generosity still have a large place in many French hearts, and that reason has not deserted us. There are many questions in these letters, many regrets at not knowing the "Moroccan soul" better, much criticism of our officials. All this has led me to respond, in an informal way, expressing my own ideas as clearly and succinctly as I can.

People will never admit, of course, that egotism and selfish interest are the roots of colonial activity. They will always say it is civilization, humanity, voluntary sacrifices, etc. etc. The colonizing country always poses as an instrument of charity and so demands a sanctimonious admiration from the colonized . . . In a preceding article, I sketched the hesitation and doubt of those whose sense of honesty instinctively rebels, but who are made to think that they would be bad Frenchmen, if not traitors, if they did not blindly follow the ringleaders and profiteers. "My country right or wrong," they are told over and over again. A formula both immoral and stupid. According to it, we should glorify the destruction of the Palatinate by Turenne and the frightful assassination of Turkish prisoners ordered by Bonaparte during the Syrian campaigns; according to it, the Germans would be prohibited from disapproving of the massacres of Ascq and Oradour and of the slaughter in the concentration camps. This is such inept chauvinism as to arouse the aversion of every honest man.

I have a higher concept of patriotism than that. J. B. Priestley wrote, "We should behave toward our country like a woman toward the man she loves. A good wife will do everything for her husband—everything but renounce criticizing him in order to make him better." This should be the rule of conduct for a true patriot.

We must also try to understand the partners we have and not think that because we like this or that, they must do likewise. In Morocco, we must try to realize the Moroccans' state of mind and to understand their reactions. To do that, it is necessary to realize what their situation is. And we must not forget that we live in a glass house and that the whole world watches and judges us, often severely. We cannot trust our own newspapers which, with few exceptions, are not worthy of respect. One of my women correspondents writes, "I fail to understand how the Americans who elected Roosevelt, whom



I too admired, can approve of our policy in North Africa, as our papers say they do."

But do they really approve it, dear lady? You hear only one side of the question. Let me quote from two of the largest American newspapers of just a few weeks ago. From the *New York Times*: "The French on their part—and it has been a common failing with their colonial policy—have moved too slowly to meet the inescapable development of our times. By clinging tenaciously to an outmoded colonialism they nullify—or at least weaken—the genuine political and cultural advantages of their rule." From the *Washington Post*: "Friends of France are unable to understand why a nation which conceived the Schuman and Pleven Plans cannot apply the same policy in North Africa. The French seem to be on the way to repeating the impolitic action and the mistakes which they made in Indochina." Most of our newspapers do not tell us this kind of thing. They forget that omitting a fact is as bad as telling an out-and-out lie. You cannot depend on them for an honest report of how the Moroccans feel. You can find that out only by putting yourself in a Moroccan's shoes. In a forthcoming article I shall report an actual situation that will enable you to understand more easily the thoughts which are disquieting to the Moroccan mind.

## IN ANOTHER MAN'S SHOES

I promised to acquaint my countrymen with an actual situation so they can understand the feelings and the reactions of a Moroccan, and I will not seek it far afield, or just to prove my point. I will simply describe my own village where I have lived for many years. Anyone can verify my story.

When you enter this village, what strikes you first is a magnificent building—the European school. Its imposing construction gives the same impression that one gets from some lycées or convents in France. It is vast and solid. It takes boys and girls both, and there is a boarding school for grade-school pupils. This is for the European children who live too far from the village to go back and forth every day. There is also a special government subsidy for those boarding school pupils.

There is no school for Moslem girls in my village, but there is a school for Moslem boys. It is far from being as imposing as the European school, and if nobody pointed it out to you, you'd wander about the village for a long time without spotting it. It has no facilities for boarders.

This is the history of the Moslem school. It was not established until several years after the European school because nobody gave a thought to the education of little Moroccans. Finally, on the initiative of one person a classroom big enough for forty children was built. No sooner was it opened

than fifty-three children came to school. Thanks also to one man's efforts, a teacher was obtained. There was no house for him, and he would never have come if he had not been given a room in the home of a settler, for otherwise he would have had to live in a tent or in a thatched hut.

But this Moslem classroom, being well-equipped, was soon annexed by the European school, and the Moroccan pupils were relegated to a tiny building which was entirely unsuitable and where they were very badly off. This was eventually fixed up so that it was barely presentable. To give you an idea of what it was like at first I'll say merely that the schoolyard still has no gate, and that for a long time the schoolroom had no electric lights although all the other houses in the village have electricity.

In the course of wandering around my village, you can admire the imposing quarters of the police, and you will see a church—but no mosque. You will notice a fine post office and an infirmary directed by a doctor and where there will be some beds for patients waiting to be taken to a hospital. I say "will be," for the building is not yet finished and the beds are still, in 1952, only a hope. There are houses along the streets of the village. You will notice a charming villa, belonging to a French rancher, which must have cost a fortune, but you will never see it open. On the hill, near the *souk* or marketplace, you will see what is called the house of the "commandement." This is open only one day a week, on market-day, and used as the office of the French civil controller.<sup>13</sup>

A few years ago, the Moroccans used to build their *noualas* (thatched huts) here and there about the village. This annoyed the European population, so the Moroccans were all moved onto a hill behind the *marabout's* house, overlooking the entire village and where the people certainly have plenty of fresh air. The water supply, however, is over half a mile away. It is easy to walk downhill with empty buckets, but not so easy to climb back with full buckets. Naturally the people use as little water as possible, to the detriment of cleanliness and, consequently, of health.

The *marabout's* house until recently was actually where the holy man was buried. It was surrounded by a small enclosure containing a few ancient graves. In one corner of this enclosure there was a tiny room called "the room of the poor," with no furniture except the straw mat on its dirt floor. This had always been used as a refuge where people coming from a distance to visit the holy place could spend the night. It was likewise a shelter for the blind, the sick and the poor who passed through the village. I used to care

<sup>13</sup> The civil controller is a French official who theoretically supervises the local governors, but who is a local dictator in practice.

<sup>15</sup> A judge who administers Islamic Law, now limited to cases of marriage, divorce, inheritance and other minor family questions concerning Muslims.



for some of these poor people—sometimes, alas, to watch them die. The last of these was a youth of about twenty. We never did find out who he was.

A short time ago, "the room of the poor" was walled up on the side of the enclosure and a door was cut on the outside. The place became the office of the *cadi*<sup>15</sup> open on market-day and shut the rest of the week. The result of this scandalous alteration was not long in coming. A miserable sick beggar, seeking refuge in the holy place and not being able to get in, died outside like a dog.

Now consider the case of a Moroccan who lives around here. Let's not take one of the poorest, who could have many reasons to complain, but a small farmer living a few miles from the village. He sees the children of his European neighbor going to the beautiful European school, but he cannot send his own because there is no school for Moslem girls and no boarding facilities for Moslem boys. When he goes in to the village, he looks with envy at the European school, and thinks it should have a twin—a Moslem school. Instead, he sees evidence for the fact that in their own country the Moroccans are less well off than the foreigners.

He sees handsome buildings in the village but what they are for he doesn't know since most of the time they are unoccupied. And he is outraged because the *marabout's* shelter has been done away with. For him, as for all the others, this is a profanation and monstrous from the human point of view. "Since they are building so much in the village," he says to me, "why could they have not built a little office for the *cadi*?"

I ask my readers to put themselves in the place of this Moroccan and then tell me if they do not think the words "bitterness" and "rancor" are too weak to translate the justifiable feelings of these people in the face of this situation. I ask my readers to imagine how they would feel and what their reactions would be under similar circumstances.

I have just described a state of affairs which I did not pick especially. It simply happens to be that where I live. And I assure you that I have painted it less black than it is, sketching some things all too briefly and omitting others equally important. I hope, however, that my picture, imperfect and incomplete though it is, will furnish my readers with food for thought.

## DEMOCRACY

People talk a great deal about democracy these days, and as usual the more they talk the less they do. And they have the most wonderful excuses. You will be told solemnly that the Moroccans are not democrats and that Moroccan society would not fit a democratic regime. So we must wait. The old "free shave tomorrow" thesis! Some even go so far as to confuse democracy

with demagoguery, claiming that democratic institutions would open the way here to all kinds of disorder.

To my way of thinking, a demagogue is a person who tells the people that they can do anything and know everything although they have learned nothing. A democrat, on the other hand, is one who has confidence in the people, believing that they must work out their own destiny, educating themselves and learning a little each day.

I am aware that democracy is taken to task for its failure to keep order, and that the partisans of "strong governments"—the euphemism employed to avoid pronouncing the word "dictatorship"—boasts of the remarkable order which is in general the consequence of such regimes. It is obvious that in a democracy, where ideas are freely expressed, compared and debated, life is not so orderly as under a regime where everybody is in a straightjacket and where only orthodox official views are allowed. But let's not forget that history teaches us that all dictatorships have ended in catastrophes far worse than the real or imagined disorders of democracies. A dictatorship applied to a sick people may seem to produce some things which are good. It is like a plaster cast which keeps a broken bone immobilized. But that is only temporary, otherwise atrophy and death result.

As to order, I should like it to be clear that I am as much in favor of it as anybody, but order founded on reason, not on force. Otherwise, the ideal set-up would be that of a prison, where in fact the most perfect order is imposed. To such perfect but sepulchral order I prefer the freedom of the streets with its seeming confusion and even its traffic accidents.

From many years' experience, I claim that there is a majority of convinced democrats among the Moroccans, who would put their principles into practice at once if given the opportunity. It is we who are delaying the foundation of a sound democracy in Morocco by keeping in power the feudal lords whom we found here or whom we created, and have even strengthened. We have justified the Moroccan proverb which says, "We are the cows. The *caid*<sup>16</sup> milks us while the Frenchman holds its horns."

I know that there are the same differences between principles and their application, between theory and practice, as between the tracing of a road on a plan and the actual building of that road. Without the plan, the road will not be much good. Inversely, the effect of drawing up programs and enunciating principles without ever putting them into practice or doing that half-heartedly, is unfortunate. This is what is happening in Morocco, where, as an excuse for the tragic fact that we are not practicing the great principles which we have proclaimed before the world, we maintain the pretense that the time is not

<sup>16</sup> Local administrator or governor of village.



ripe. To glorify the liberty of all peoples and to refuse it to the Moroccan people, or at least to delay its flowering as long as possible, under pretexts which nobody believes—not even those who shout the loudest—is not a position worthy of us. I am proud enough of my country and love it enough to renounce French prestige based on force and constraint. I love my country so much that I want to make friends for it everywhere, not enemies as we are now doing. And I believe that being truly faithful to democratic principles, especially in our actions, is to serve both France and Morocco. They are side by side in my heart; I have served them both, as a democrat.

## INJUSTICE TO ONE IS A THREAT TO ALL

I have received a letter from Mr. L. and am profoundly grateful. I agree with him, that, in his position and particularly in view of the existing situation in Morocco, he has good reasons to remain anonymous and even to refuse to authorize publication of the full text of his letter. In brief, Mr. L. asks the following question: while granting that the Moroccans have the right and the obligation to struggle for the independence and freedom of their country, would it not be better from the "universal" point of view for them to submit to a "prodigious injustice" if this would benefit the rest of the world?

Mr. L. thinks that the world suffers from being split up into too many nations and that this causes rivalry and conflicts. Would not an "iniquity" which would destroy the national consciousness of a number of small nations and unite them in spite of themselves work in the end toward peace for all men? He cites the "pax Romana" of the Roman Empire, which he seems to think corroborates his thesis. I am stating Mr. L.'s argument much too briefly. His sentiments indicate a profound humanitarianism, but nevertheless he apparently favors the "prodigious injustice." I must reply that I disagree completely.

If we try to destroy Moroccan nationalism under the pretext of unifying people who might be a prey to differences without it, we begin by provoking the very conflict which my correspondent wants to avoid. We open the door at the same time to other terrifying possibilities. The Germans might use the same argument with regard to us. Do not forget that during Hitler's regime they said, "Let forty million French perish if that enables a hundred million Germans to live." Tomorrow five or six hundred million Chinese could reason in similar vein with regard to Europe. Let us remember the words of Montesquieu: "Injustice to one is a threat to all."

The example of the Roman Empire, cited by Mr. L., does not seem to me

conclusive. Roman colonization, as brutal as ours but less hypocritical, was in certain respects far superior. When the Romans conquered a country, they adopted many of its customs, even including its gods. And there was no racial superiority with them. They accepted a Syrian or an African emperor as well as any other. We might also recall what Tacitus told the Gauls at the end of the first century: "You share the Empire with us. It is you who often command the legions and administer our provinces. There is no distance between us, no barrier." We could hardly say the same thing with regard to a people whom we have colonized.

The biggest countries in the world have had to "build their house with partitions." As its name implies, the United States are a federation of states. The same thing holds for India and for the country we call Russia. It was Paul Boncour, a famous anti-Communist, who once said, "As the Soviet State has so well understood, in order to enable different peoples to live together in harmony it was necessary to give them the maximum of local liberty and autonomous representation." In this respect, we are much less understanding than the Soviet State.

From this I must go on to say that I am opposed to the kind of world government envisaged by my correspondent—one obtained by the suppression of other governments. With all my heart I hope for a world federation of states, each free and independent. But to destroy nations would, I think, be a terrible mistake. I share the opinion of the great Jaurès who wrote in 1898: "To break up nations would be like crushing lighted hearths, leaving only scattered and nebulous rays. It would destroy centers of definite, timely action and replace them with the uncoordinated sluggishness of universal effort. In other words, it would suppress all liberty, for mankind, no longer acting within the framework of free nations, would seek the unity of a vast Asiatic despotism." It is for the good of mankind that all nations, great and small, must live and prosper, free, independent and federated. It is retarding the progress of mankind to keep some nations in servitude.

## TRY TO UNDERSTAND THIS ONE

The Moroccan point of view is not always clear to those of my countrymen who do not know how the Moroccans are treated. One Frenchman said to me recently, "Don't you think that the Moroccans are much too sensitive, that when they size up a situation their judgment is apt to be prejudiced?" There is some truth in this, but as the saying goes, "a burnt child dreads the fire." That is how it is with the Moroccans. They have been the victims of so much incomprehension and so many annoyances that they tend to see the dark side of things. Moreover, we are often extremely tactless, never missing a chance



to be irritating when it would be so easy to be otherwise. Not that we go out of our way to hurt people—we just seem to have an unfailing instinct for making our protégés discontented.

Here is an example. A short time ago I sold a bit of land to some Moroccans in quite modest circumstances. The conditions under which they are now living are beyond belief. It was their intention to build a decent home on this property. The land had to be surveyed, of course, and the necessary papers made out. Not long ago I received these in the mail, and by return mail sent the receipt. To my astonishment I learned that the purchasers did not get their papers when I did. Several days passed and, fearing an oversight, I wrote to the office involved. The latter replied most politely that the purchasers would receive the necessary documents through the office of the Civil Controller.

I was surprised, for I thought that the way my end of the transaction had been handled could not be simpler or more efficient. On reflection, however, I decided that the office was probably right. Addresses of Moroccans, especially in the country, are apt to be less precise than those of Europeans. Moreover, I could see an advantage in the fact that the Moroccans, receiving the documents direct from an official, would not have to bother mailing a receipt. I finally persuaded myself that this was the best procedure.

Thursday is market-day in our village, when officials of the Civil Control set up their office in the house of the "commandement." I assumed quite naturally that the purchasers of my land would get the documents the next Thursday. Thursday night I accidentally met two of them and asked if they had, quite sure the answer would be "yes." But it was "no!" They hadn't received the documents. All they had was a permit from a local policeman to go to the administrative town the next day so that they could pick up the documents themselves. What do you think of that? My friends received a visit from a policeman who did not give them what they required but merely a permit to go twenty-one miles and get it themselves.

Let me go over the whole deal once more. I, the European seller, received by mail the necessary papers for the sale of my property and my only expense was for a postage stamp to send a return-receipt. The Moroccan buyers had first to deal with a policeman to whom they had of course to give a 100-franc tip. The next day they had to spend 250 francs in order to go and get their documents. Besides the money, they lost a good half-day's work. It was a costly business for them.

Perhaps you think that it would have been feasible for the Moroccans to obtain the document at the market, where the office of the Civil Control with all its paraphernalia is installed every Thursday. If so, you are naive. Where Moroccans are involved, the French administration can complicate the simplest matters and doesn't worry about the needless trouble it causes those whom it

administers or how much money it makes them spend senselessly.

What do you think now of the feelings these people must have? Do you think that they can or that they should be contented? For my part, I would regard them as either saints or idiots if they did not resent this sort of thing. I am sure that I myself would be enraged if it happened to me.

"It won't kill them," people tell me, and that's true, it won't. However, I hope that my readers will realize that too often the Moroccans have occasion to make comparisons and gauge proceedings like this one, coming to conclusions not at all favorable to us. I have ample proof of the truth of Montaigne's saying: "Many small ills do more than one big one." It would be well to remember this in Morocco.

## SPEAKING OF FORCE

Today permit me to digress from my main subject—Morocco . . . I am not complaining. It is a digression which is forced upon me by my correspondents who have asked a question in various forms which boils down to this: What do you think of the violence occurring daily in Tunisia? I believe I have already answered this question in previous articles—when I recalled the words of Anatole France about "thought, naked and without arms, holding brute force at bay," and extolled the memory of Gandhi, the apostle of non-violence, who liberated his country by the lone power of his ideas. When I discussed "the French presence" I said that "all manifestations of force, brutal or bland, violent or persuasive, have never created anything lasting."

When fate decreed that it was my duty to employ force (I refer to war-time), I exercised it of course, without remorse, though with profound regret. Therefore I can say flatly that I disapprove of all political violence and assassination, no matter how good the reasons may appear to the authors. Aside from the ethical question, I am convinced of their futility and even of their harm to the cause which they seek to promote. It seems to me that with the world today an immense sounding board, where every event has repercussions everywhere and nothing can be kept secret, there are other means of achieving one's goal than spilling blood. It is almost always innocent blood, which adds nothing to the justice of any cause.<sup>17</sup>

I must also remark that to my natural repulsion for violence as a mode of conduct there is added the suspicion which has never left me since I first read

<sup>17</sup> This article has reference to the troubles in Tunisia beginning in January 1952 with the arrest of Habib Bourguiba, the leader of the Néo-Destour party, and other nationalist leaders. Tunisian resistance is still going on, together with the systematic repression by the Foreign Legion and the French army and administration. In December 1953, similar violence occurred once more in Morocco. Hundreds of Moroccans were killed, thousands imprisoned. This article was, of course, written months before the Moroccan troubles, in the course of which the author was deported.



the exploits of the famous Russian nihilist, Azef. All of his revolutionary comrades admired Azef's energy and nerve. It was he who planned, organized and carried out the assassination of the Russian Minister of the Interior and then of the Czar's uncle. As a matter of fact, he was a secret agent—an *agent provocateur*—appointed with official connivance by the imperial Russian police. My readers may draw their own conclusions. They can easily comprehend my scepticism of political crimes and my aversion to them.

I am certainly the enemy of brute violence, but I am no less outspoken against that violence which begins as brutal and becomes persuasive. In this category I put the imposition of any kind of servitude on a country, the refusal of independence to a nation and of freedom to its people. Violence creates more violence, no matter how ineffective and how wicked it is. I find it utterly deplorable, and I am continually being amazed by its resurgence, since we are all familiar with the proverb: "He who sows the wind shall reap the whirlwind."

It seems to me that I am repeating obvious truths but are they really? Sometimes I doubt it, for what seems crystal-clear to me does not seem so to everybody else. I have a feeling that the ideas of honesty, justice and honor on which I was brought up by my family and by my teachers have lost much of their meaning today. If anyone has told me that France would one day, as the shameful accomplice of Hitler, promulgate the vile racial decrees of Vichy, I would have protested indignantly that such a thing was unthinkable. I might as well admit here that a recent event has once more filled me with sorrow and shame. Last April 22nd, the Human Rights Commission of the United Nations adopted a resolution declaring that all peoples have the right to determine their own destiny and to conserve their own natural resources. The vote was 13 to 4. France, alas, voted with the minority. This too I would formerly have said was unthinkable. In my judgment, I regard such deviations from moral rectitude as incitements to violence—to despicable violence.

## WHY AND HOW WE MUST ACT

In a series of articles by no means perfect or complete I have tried to analyse a situation which seems more or less clearly to be extremely troubled to everybody living in Morocco. I have tried to explain to my countrymen the reasons for the general Moroccan unrest. I am aware that the story usually given out is that the Moroccans are content, that they ask nothing more than to continue under the present regime, and that only a minority of trouble-makers and agitators try to give the impression of a state of unrest which really does not exist. This is absolutely false.

Quite logically and normally the Moroccans want independence. They

would not be good Moroccans if they didn't, just as we could not be good Frenchmen if we did not want a free and independent France. I speak from experience when I say that there is resentment against us in most Moroccan hearts. I think it is unfortunately justified. It is true that a few wealthy Moroccans, well taken care of by us, think that nobody can be hungry since they themselves are so well fed. Nor can it be denied that there are others to whom their country means almost nothing, whose sole preoccupation is finding the job that will pay the most money. There are men like that in every country, including France.

Let me say, parenthetically, that people have often reproached me with being too severe on my own countrymen and too indulgent toward the Moroccans. This accusation I admit and I will continue to merit it. Such an attitude seems quite normal to me. We forced ourselves upon the Moroccans, and it is my belief, that protectors have greater responsibilities than those whom they protect. I do not demand virtue of anyone except the professors of virtue. We came here, or claimed to have come here in order to redress wrongs and we were completely convinced of our own superiority—we were in short, professors of virtue.

What seems particularly hateful to me is the bad faith we have so often shown. When the Moroccans talk of "independence and liberty," we reply with "roads, ports, dams and mines." The two aspects of the situations are unrelated. Nobody, least of all the Moroccans, dreams of denying our remarkable technical achievements, which are, however, infinitely more profitable for us Europeans than for the Moroccans. We have a legitimate and quite understandable pride in these things, but they do not give us the right to deprive a nation of its independence—a whole people of its liberty. Others have done as well or better than we without claiming political domination of the countries which they have helped to develop. As far as I myself am concerned, I can understand the Moroccan's feelings because I would prefer to live in poverty and be free rather than in luxury as a slave.

As a matter of fact, it annoys us to think about the independence of countries whose destiny we would like to control for as long as possible. It is all the more annoying because other nations, willingly or otherwise, have renounced this detestable colonialism which we hang on to, neither wisely nor well. The truth is that we are troubled by our unfaithfulness to our great principles and are looking for alibis for a position which we cannot be proud of in the bottom of our hearts. That is why we invent slogans and create imaginary situations; why our politicians do not hesitate to make lofty pronouncements which on closer examination are obviously idiotic. These men pose abroad as champions of a France which they have served with notorious incapacity.



A few days ago we read in the papers<sup>18</sup> that Paul Reynaud, returning from the United States, had told the Americans that France would withdraw from the United Nations rather than abandon the French in North Africa. This touching declaration was designed to move sincere and soft-hearted people who know nothing about the problem. It is also an extremely disquieting one when one reflects a little, for there have been precedents. The countries which have withdrawn from the United Nations—when it was called the League of Nations—are Germany, Italy and Japan. It is no exaggeration to say that for them the outcome was not a happy one.

Now let us see what this is all about. It is quite simply the continued refusal of independence and liberty to Tunisia and Morocco. The assertion is that if Tunisia and Morocco became free and independent, the French who live in those countries would be abandoned. It is as simple as that. But were the Americans who lived in the Philippines when they became independent abandoned by the United States? Were the English who lived in India and Ceylon abandoned by their country when these ancient colonies acquired independence? I will not press the point, but you can see to what absurd length people will go in defending a poor cause.

If Morocco were to become independent tomorrow, I am sure that I would not feel in the least like an abandoned Frenchman, no more than I felt abandoned living in London during the war, nor than those Frenchmen who live in Egypt or Argentina are abandoned. What is more, I believe that the French here in Morocco would be in an even more privileged position (if that is possible) if the country were free.

It is surprising that Paul Reynaud of all people can utter such nonsense, for he is an expert in abandonment. He knows precisely what it means. He was Premier at the time of the French defeat in 1940 and was deservedly condemned by Pertinax in his "Gravediggers." He made himself tragically ridiculous with his proclamation of "German advance stopped," and later completely odious when at the very moment of action he folded up miserably like a pricked balloon, having declared that France "would fight even if it had to retreat to its American colonies." The fact that a man with a past like that is listened to by the French electorate today is a pathetic sign of political decadence. An upsetting decadence that may explain our incredible stupidity in North Africa and elsewhere.

To continue: in June 1940, Paul Reynaud abandoned us instead of keeping his promise. But that was not all. Read, if you will, the part of Mr. Churchill's memoirs in which he discusses the period before Italy's declaration of war. He writes: "The French Premier made more concise proposals.

<sup>18</sup> *New York Times*, e.g., April 24, 1952.

It was clear that as a remedy for Italy's inferior position in her own sea, these proposals would include a reconsideration of the status of Gibraltar and of Suez. France was prepared to make similar concessions in regard to Tunis." Such faint-hearted platitudes did not appeal to Churchill who said bluntly: "We could not have the slightest sympathy with such ideas." But the firm attitude of his British colleague made absolutely no impression on Paul Reynaud. Churchill goes on: "This did not prevent the French Government from making a direct offer of territorial concessions on its own account to Italy a few days later. Mussolini treated it with disdain."

Think this over, fellow Frenchmen, you who, knowing little or nothing of the present question, have been stirred by the thought that North African Frenchmen might really be abandoned. Who has told you this lie? The man who really abandoned you at the moment of defeat, the man who was prepared to abandon everything. It is with disdain that we must repudiate this man's declarations. He is nothing but a phrase-maker.

I have lived in Morocco for thirty-six years and I have not missed a day of studying the Moroccan people. . . . Believe me when I assure you (and I suppose the same is true for Tunisia which, of course, I do not know as well) that if Morocco were to become free and independent, neither France nor the French would lose by it. Quite the contrary. We could then speak truly of cooperation, which is impossible now, for only equals can cooperate. The energy of Morocco would be increased ten-fold by the enthusiasm generated by independence. Frenchmen would be privileged guests and true friends instead of, as now, becoming enemies—a little more each day, to the extreme detriment of France.

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I have already mentioned Japan as an example. . . . to show that a free country progresses faster than a dependent country. . . . Morocco has been "protected" for forty years. This is a plain and simple fact. The result is that the Moroccan leaders who were already there, as Lyautey assured us, have been employed not at all or as little as possible. Instead, an excessively overloaded European administration has been set up, excessive in some departments, insufficient in others. There are many who think this administration is wonderful and never fail to say, "If we went away, Morocco would fall into anarchy." Such a remark is sometimes made out of ignorance, but more often it is prompted by bad faith.

First, let us make it clear that there is no question of "our going away." The Moroccans are the first to admit that they need Frenchmen for technical and even perhaps for cultural development. I might even say that although they may contemplate doing without some of our bureaucrats whom I, like



them, judge completely worthless, they would want to increase the number of French technical experts. At the same time, these Moroccans wish to be in command of their own country. They will be happy to call on us for aid, but not at the cost of their own freedom. . . .

There is no reason why anarchy should result if the Moroccans took their destiny in their own hands. Such a supposition is as gratuitous as it is malicious. I know people say that countries whose independence has been granted in haste risk internal troubles. A few days ago, someone said to me, "Look at Libya, independent in spite of certain opposition. Are you sure there won't be trouble there?" I answered that I thought there might be trouble in Libya. Too many great powers have an interest in having disorder there for none to exist. It must be demonstrated that Libya, and *a fortiori* other countries, are not mature enough for independence—this is the a-b-c of colonialism, but it proves nothing. I am positive that Morocco would not fall into anarchy if we left. But I repeat it is not a question of our going away, but rather of our collaboration with the Moroccans as friends instead of our directing them as bosses.

Other people join the fray with another slogan: "If we stop protecting the Moroccans, others will step into our place." How, if you please? The Moroccans do not have a flattering enough opinion of our protectorate to want to replace it with another. I know they would resist any such attempt with great fierceness. Besides, the United Nations still exists and, imperfect as it may be, it has already given proof of its possibilities, if only in regard to Libya. The United Nations, which would look with satisfaction on the end of the protectorate, would never allow another to replace it. Of that we can be certain. . . .

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It is obvious that the crushing administration which we have established in Morocco, characterized as Lyautey said by the "hypertrophy of its own infallibility," sees no need for a change. It is entirely satisfied with itself, and surprised and shocked to discover that those whom it administers are much less so. It can scarcely conceive that the Moroccans should desire independence and liberty. It will grant, if it must, that such notions may be discussed by dilettantes as a kind of abstract intellectual game, on the condition that no concrete proposals emerge from the discussion. In principle it admits the necessity of reforms, but hopes to grant as few as possible and to delay their application as long as possible. When it does make a promise it is always for—sometime later. This is the best imaginable way of further alienating the Moroccans from everything French. It is impossible to do more damage to French prestige. The tragedy is that it is all done in the name of

France. Many Moroccans who had formulated a clear distinction between the France which they respect and admire and certain Frenchmen whom they admire less, are now beginning to ask themselves if they were right. This is serious. It is why we must change our methods radically.

The first and indispensable reform, of a practical and at the same time psychological order, is to give the key positions to Moroccans. At once I see pitying smiles on certain faces and hear people say: "What madness! How, for example, can you imagine that the Moroccans could handle the Department of Public Works when they have nobody at the moment with the technical training? Whether we are responsible for this or not, it is a fact which you cannot deny."

I should like to answer this, but first let me say that ever since its birth I have sought to study and to understand the motives and aims of what is called Moroccan nationalism. I hear many people discussing the problem nowadays. They are more or less misinformed and I cannot help regretting that they have not studied it as I have. I ascertained that a number of nationalists were very well educated, either in their own culture or in ours. They were men with whom a discussion was not only possible but very enlightening. I personally gained a great deal and enlarged my own horizon considerably from such contacts. The young men of yesterday are mature men today, with added experience and knowledge. I consider "those young lunatics" (as they are sometimes called by people who do not hesitate to employ ridicule) men to be taken seriously, sound and balanced thinkers. Some are really first rate, perfectly capable of directing their government.

For years I sat in various assemblies and I know what I am talking about. In Algiers, in Luxembourg and in the National Assembly in Paris, I have been in close daily touch with what are called "statesmen." I maintain that there are statesmen every bit as good as ours among the Moroccans. Lyautey told us so long ago. We have gifted and extremely intelligent Moroccan leaders, equal to the best of the Europeans. Still lacking are Moroccan technical experts. Thus we have a magnificent combination—on the one hand, Moroccan leaders of high general culture, and on the other technicians still mainly French. Why then not do as we do in France? In accord with changing French governments, do we not see one Minister switch from agriculture, for example, to public works and from public works to justice, although notoriously incompetent technically in all three cases? His job is to choose experts in the field and then to assimilate their findings. Their job is to collect all the information, study and analyse it. Thanks to their work on each separate tree, the Minister has data necessary to plan the layout of the forest.

This reform—putting Moroccans in key positions as the heads of government departments—could be carried out at once and I know it would have



tremendous reverberations. It would reassure the Moroccans by proving that we have no designs on the sovereignty of this country, which is theirs after all, a fact which we often forget. It would develop a sense of responsibility among many Moroccans and dispel the discouragement and hostility which the best of them are bound to feel on discovering that there is no work for them in their own country. This is what the true patriot finds intolerable. It would enable the French to keep their proper place here—that of counsellors and technicians. They could render immense services, in an atmosphere purified of all suspicion and doubt by leaving to native Moroccans the responsibilities which should be theirs.

People are forever talking of Franco-Moroccan collaboration. This is the way to manage it, in the best interest of both the French and the Moroccans. I am not so naive to think that this reform, however fundamental, is enough to smooth out all the difficulties and answer all the unsolved questions. I am convinced, however, that with this foundation laid, the rest of the work would be greatly facilitated and could proceed faster and better because of the atmosphere of calm and satisfaction.

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I have just sketched what is for me the first and fundamental reform. I want it to be clear that I am the spokesman of no one. What I write is entirely my individual opinion. . . . Mine, like all others, can be discussed and amended. My solutions, certainly not perfect, can only gain from being screened by honest criticism.

This reform—placing a few Moroccans in key positions—is not enough. The rank and file must have a voice in their own affairs. In an earlier article I mentioned that the difficulties which I foresaw five years ago had been considerably reduced as the result of the very rapid political evolution of the Moroccan people, and how India's example had convinced me that the obstacles can be surmounted. I wrote that, in my opinion, local and then regional assemblies, and finally a national assembly, could operate successfully. This is not the place to go into details . . . but such a future must materialize very soon and be more than an empty promise.

"Running is useless. The thing is to start at the right time," say some. I agree with Lyautey, who used to complain that people invoked this saying too often as an excuse for failing to start. We must make a start—not run perhaps, but in any case no dawdle along the way.

"*achevez, aboutissez*," said Lyautey—not only get busy but finish the job. Too many people are content to repeat these words, sink into an armchair, and do absolutely nothing. Hypocrites that they are, they often obstruct anyone else's initiative. I think the example of Japan has proved that a free

nation does not require forty years to go from the Middle Ages to the present. We must make up the lost time here which can be laid at our door by redoubling our efforts. And for that we must have a plan. No more vague proposals such as our administrators here too often recite, but a precise schedule indicating the steps which we envisage. This must be studied and discussed with the Moroccans and accepted by them. It must not be imposed, if we really want something just, good and lasting. In my opinion, it must be based on the following assumptions:

1. The Moroccan people have an imprescriptible right to independence and liberty.
2. The Moroccan people must live in a democracy.
3. The material and cultural interests of the Europeans living in

Morocco must be scrupulously respected.

With these fundamental and acceptable, I think, to both Frenchmen and Moroccans, we can, if we really want to, "get busy and finish the job" in the shortest possible time.

## MORE CORRESPONDENCE— A CRY FROM THE HEART

I have just received a "manifesto" (that was the word used) signed by Moroccans living in and near Paris, among whom were university students and businessmen. I was profoundly moved by what they wrote. One sentence in particular—I will quote it later—touched me deeply and filled me with pride. But they credit me with one virtue which I cannot claim—disinterestedness. Whatever I have done in Morocco and what I am doing now in the columns of *Al-Istiglal* is not disinterested. It is done because I love my country. I am a patriot, but I do not confuse patriotism with chauvinism. My whole life has been and still is at the service of France, not with words, but with deeds.

Of course there are regrettable pages in the history of my country, but that is true of the history of any country. All things considered, I believe that France occupies an enviable place among nations and I am proud of her. I do not subscribe to the cult of great men, least of all certain great men. For me one Pasteur is worth a thousand Napoleons. It is because I love my country so deeply that I want the word "French" to be synonymous with upright, honest and good. This is not always the case, and, while I deplore it, I do not draw hasty or exaggerated conclusions.

I know that in 1940 we witnessed abominations. We saw contemptible



men . . . who served Vichy for money and whom the *Résistance* mocked with the verse:

"Je suis oiseau, voyez mes ailes;  
Je suis souris, vivent les rats!"

. . . . But at the same time think of all those men and women in occupied France who gave their lives for the ideal of liberty. Those were the true France, who erased the shame imprinted on their country by the pensioners of defeat. You can understand why I have always believed in my country and why I am proud to be a Frenchman. Here is an example to show what I mean.

When I first went to see Abd-el-Krim in 1926, not on an official mission but at my own risk and my own expense (with less to fear from bullets than from typhus), I was full of prejudices. I watched and I listened, and then I threw many of them away. When Abd-el-Krim, senselessly exiled, left Morocco, I finished the diary of my trip, which appeared in the *Mercure de France* twenty-five years ago, with these words: "As his ship sails into the distance, I am thinking that a 'rebel' has just given up, but that not one of his soldiers held prisoner has returned from the Taza corridor, because the massacre of captives was our invariable rule. And I am grateful to the departing leader for the hundreds of French, native and Spanish prisoners whom he gave back to us." Already in that day such language was displeasing to those for whom the word "objectivity" had no meaning.

Although my own conscience was clear, I nevertheless worried about what the exile might be thinking. For Abd-el-Krim's brother had written me, "We trusted you and followed your counsel. You are the artisan of what has been done." And Abd-el-Krim himself wrote to the French Premier as follows: "You undoubtedly know the circumstances of our surrender. Resistance could have been prolonged, but wishing to stop the bloodshed and to put an end to the unequal and useless struggle, I followed the counsel of Mr. Parent, the President of the Disabled Veterans, who spent considerable time in my house, where I offered him my hospitality while he was looking after the needs of French prisoners. In accord with his suggestion, I opened negotiations with the Resident General of Morocco, Mr. Steeg, to whom I wrote asking for an armistice. . . ." I was grieved at the thought that these Moroccans might doubt my integrity in view of the deceitful treatment they received.

My fears were groundless. Since I had remained faithful to my principles, since my conduct had been absolutely "French," Abd-el-Krim could write me the following letter: ". . . We are convinced that men like you are the true and sincere Frenchmen. God knows that is what is in my heart. And God

alone will see that you are recompensed. We can do nothing, in spite of our word, and in spite of our acts. . . ."

. . . . Twenty-six years have passed. My youth has gone, but my faith has remained unchanged. . . I have always fought for the independence and liberty of France and I would be ashamed to prevent or even to retard the independence of any other people. I am saddened by the sight of fools, blind men and opportunists, not to say worse, making enemies instead of friends for France. . . .

The "manifesto" which I have just received has repaid me largely for all my efforts. This is the key sentence: "Since there are still some Frenchmen who think as you do, we cannot despair of France." I cannot describe my pride at these words. In my small way I have been able to keep men of good will from losing faith in my country. For me this is an inestimable recompense which I accept with profound feeling. When you are paid back like that, you cannot call yourself disinterested.

## FORCE EXHAUSTS ITSELF

It is astonishing that Frenchmen, generally so jealous of their own independence and liberty, do not always concede as self-evident the right of other peoples to independence and liberty. This stems from an unconscious racism, which translates itself into a superiority complex—a most unpleasant superiority complex that engenders a different way of seeing things for oneself and for others. I have met a similar mentality among big businessmen. They see no reason why they should grant a two-week vacation to their employees although they consider it natural and indispensable to take a three-month holiday themselves in the mountains or at the seashore. This point of view is quite common among the Europeans in North Africa. Add to this the gossip and the lies peddled all over the place which, in the end, warp the mentality of the most level-headed and normal people because they have no way of checking the hokum which overwhelms them.

People of good will, who ask nothing but to "understand," are told that because of atavism the Moroccans are not democrats; that those among them who clamor loudest for independence and liberty are really only seeking the chance to exploit their own people—*faire suer le burnous*; that both city-dwellers and country people have never been so happy as they are now with us to boss them, etc. etc. The biggest lies end with an invocation of Lyautey, whose principles are cynically betrayed. However, the hoodwinked cannot always check the facts, so they accept these false allegations confidently as proven truths.

<sup>19</sup> I am a bird, see my wings; I am a mouse, long live the rats!"



It is also a fact that many Europeans have looked upon the seizure of another country and the servitude of its people, not as a shameful action, but as a perfectly moral military exploit. They still do and glory in it. Naturally every conquest, every massacre, is done in the name of civilization, of humanity, of progress. We know what these words mean. Europeans, even when they do not admit it—even though they proclaim the contrary—worship force when it is their own, and apply unpleasant epithets to those who refuse to submit. Japan's efforts to transform itself were looked upon askance by the Western powers, as the brother of the German Kaiser, Prince Henry of Prussia, noted during one of his voyages. Here is one sentence from his report which expresses the general attitude: "A people that works for its independence and emancipation with all of its energy is, by force of circumstances, embarrassing to Europeans." Let us keep this statement in mind.

Nevertheless I believe that we have reached the time when it is more profitable for a country to have friends than protégés or subjects. It would profit the whole of Europe to renounce this "colonialism," so discredited that even those who practice it apologize. We must recognize the fact that Europe is on the decline, and that if it wants to keep an honored position in the world it must have the support of many friends. After the breath of liberty which has traveled around the earth, the "colonies," if they remain so, will not be an element of strength, but on the contrary will become like termites, finally destroying the edifice they are intended to reenforce. Ernest Lavisse, the great historian, expressed this well when he said, "All force exhausts itself. One does not hold historical leadership in perpetuity. Europe, which inherited this leadership from Asia three thousand years ago, is not going to keep it forever."

Indeed, it seems that Europe has already lost this position to America. But how long will America be able to keep it, in the face of an Asia which has immensity of both land and population, and which is rapidly becoming organized without the aid of the West and perhaps in spite of the West? It seems to me that some of my own countrymen who still have the "colonizing mentality" should reflect on these things. Putting aside all ethical principles, which nevertheless have and will continue more and more, I hope, to have considerable importance, we ought to realize that enslaved peoples will no longer be a source of strength for the countries which keep them in servitude. From this we must draw the necessary conclusions.

## POOR ARGUMENTS

The "colonialists" naturally marshal all the arguments in favor of their thesis, ignoring whatever embarrasses them. The worst causes can be defended, but it is all the more necessary that the reasoning should not be glaringly illogical or in bad faith. My readers will have noticed in both the French and the local press the point<sup>20</sup> constantly hammered on by certain people that other countries do not have the right to criticize what we are or are not doing in our North African protectorates. The argument is without validity, I think, but it is wielded against two nations in particular, India and Egypt, with India the main target.

"Imagine!" people say. "India, poorly equipped in every way, with a population 85 percent illiterate, with poverty endemic and political instability—India dares to meddle in our business, preaching to us and criticising what we do or don't do. What gall!"

I have just said that this kind of argument has no validity. Advice, ideas, opinions, must all be weighed not for their origin but for their intrinsic merit. It doesn't matter whether Smith or Jones has an idea; what is important is whether the idea is good or bad. The criticism, not the critic, is what counts. One gives the impression of lacking sound arguments for his side if he refuses to analyse criticism and merely attacks its source. For my money, this procedure is absurd and dishonest. Practically all criticism would be barred on this count. You and I could not pass judgment on a painting since we ourselves cannot paint. A composer could deny our right to dislike his oratorio or his opera because we cannot compose an oratorio or an opera. We could not even say a football player played badly unless we ourselves play well.

I must add one more thing which the apostles of colonialism do not say—the weaknesses and imperfections with which they reproach others are the direct consequence of this same colonialism. It is from experience—from having suffered themselves—that these countries denounce it elsewhere. India is 85 per cent illiterate and still in a precarious situation largely because she has been colonially oppressed too long. England's recent adroitness—her generosity, if you will—cannot efface the past. In my opinion, India and the other nations which have been the victims of colonialism and are still obliged

<sup>20</sup> For example, see the French Parliamentary debates on North Africa in June 1952. Raymond Dronne, among others, made the following remarks: "... We have no lessons to learn from other powers nor from the United Nations, which too often have a maniacal desire to judge us ..." (p. 2661) Another deputy, Christian Fouchet, said, "... these [Arab] states would spare themselves ridicule if they remembered that in the civilized world—just as in universities—there are pupils and there are professors; and before judging the professors, the pupils must be their equals. ..." (p. 2646). *Compte rendu of 76 and 77 meetings of the Assemblée Nationale, Journal Officiel*, 6 June 1952.



to make prodigious efforts to rid themselves of its vestiges show a commendable altruism in not concentrating solely on their own problems and in coming to the aid of those who still suffer under oppression. They are fine examples of the solidarity of mankind, examples to be followed by those who, not having suffered subjection themselves, have an even greater obligation to offer all subject nations their sympathy and their support.

## LIBERTY

Liberty is a word rarely found in the writings of the apostles of colonialism. There is almost never a mention of liberty, as if it were a forbidden subject. Liberty to these people seems to represent something of little value, unworthy of their attention. This is pure hypocrisy. The very ones who minimize liberty for others clamor loudly for it themselves.

After independence, liberty is in fact the essential need and the passionate aspiration of every country. To use the current jargon, it is even a "supranational" aspiration which weaves firm ties between peoples of different countries who are all in pursuit of the same ideal. It is what made Lamartine, an ardent patriot, cry out,

"Je suis concitoyen de tout homme qui pense.  
Mon pays, c'est la liberté."

"I am the fellow citizen of every thinking being. My country is freedom." Men of integrity have always recognized that liberty must be the foundation of every community of human beings. It was President Lincoln who said, "Our strength rests in the love of freedom which is born in us. Thus our defense is the spirit which makes us aware that liberty is the heritage of all peoples and of all nations." Marshal Smuts gave this warning to those who are not afraid of oppressing others: "Liberty is the most difficult of all mankind's aspirations to vanquish. The denial of this ideal leads finally to disaster."

It was this ardent love of liberty which enabled us first to resist and then to conquer two mad killers called Hitler and Mussolini. It is what has always defied and in the end shattered all fetters. It will certainly shatter those by means of which certain men are still trying to check the full flowering of nations. How can such a truth, supported by all the lessons of history, not be clear to everyone?

It is by a childish method of reasoning, counter to logic and ethics, that men try to justify the violation of the liberty of others. The child who cages a wild bird tries to make himself and others believe that the bird is infinitely happier in its prison than when it was free and exposed to all kinds of dangers. Its food is the best and always plentiful. It is protected from its

enemies. It has none of the fears which used to make life a continual anxiety. How happy it is!

Yet, deprived of freedom, the bird often dies in its cage. Sometimes it succeeds in escaping, and then its former patron accuses it of ingratitude, failing to understand that plenty of good food and complete security do not equal freedom, even freedom surrounded by dangers.

This kind of reasoning, employed by those who try to justify the oppression of others, reeks with bad faith. Those who use this worthless kind of argument are the first to deny it credence. There are, of course, tragic exceptions when liberty cannot remain complete. Censorship in time of war is an example. But as soon as the exceptional circumstances cease to exist censorship must disappear. Even during war, it is an evil meant only to avert greater evils. If it does not disappear, it is a tool of oppression denoting the bad conscience of those who use it.

There was a time in the United States when passions ran high and newspapers attacked the President and the Government so immoderately that some Americans asked President Jefferson if it was not really time for Congress to pass special laws to throttle what they considered not liberty but license. With pride, Jefferson gave this magnificent answer: "I welcome the continual criticism of my administration by the press, for among all the violent attacks dictated by passion, there may be one piece of truth and I will make the most of it."

It is inconceivable that certain peoples are still deprived of freedom after two world wars fought and won in freedom's name. Nevertheless such is the case. This paradox represents an enormous threat to the peace and stability of the world. If questions of personal interest and of misconceived prestige are the obstacles to what is in the general interest—that is, the liberty of all nations—then the United Nations, faithful to its Charter, should intervene without delay.

## COLONIALISM

"I admit that colonialism is immoral in principle," writes a correspondent, "but aside from the harm which it causes, can't we recognize some beneficial effects? Of course, but the development that follows in its wake can never compensate for the frightful operations that always mark its beginnings, nor for the oppression which it always initiates. Certainly there are different colonialisms, and while I believe that the French has sometimes been less horrible than others, I also think that right now the methods and conduct of the Belgians in the Congo are much cleverer and at the same time better than our methods and conduct in Morocco."



Colonialism is at bottom a dreadful thing from which only evil, more or less pronounced, can result. When slavery was at its height, slaves were often well treated. That did not keep slavery itself from being an abomination. Whether in America, in Asia, in Africa or even in Europe, all colonization has begun with fraud and massacre. Everything is warped in the eyes of a "colonizer." In Paris or Marseilles he would be revolted by some of the things he does as a matter of course in his "colony." The attitude of too many people after coming into contact with the "colonized" becomes shocking. They lose all sense of right and wrong. And I repeat that this is true for all European colonizers.

In justice one must add that there are honest men in all countries who have ranged themselves against the methods of colonialism, often with great fervor. In many cases this has resulted only in increasing the hypocrisy of the others. We also have to acknowledge that the sincerest protests often meet with surprising indulgence, the fruit of impenitent racism.

Libraries could be filled with recitals of atrocities. Here are a few examples of the horrible deformation of conscience which too often accompanies colonialism:

Colonel de Montagnac was a brilliant officer in the Army of Africa at the time of the conquest of Algeria. His superior officers declared that no one was braver or more intelligent. In fact, he got himself killed leading his troops. This is what he wrote to a friend: "Well, my dear friend, this is how one must make war on the Arabs. Kill all the men down to the age of fifteen, capture all the women and children and load them on ships for the Marquesas or elsewhere. In a word, destroy everything which will not cringe at our feet like a dog." This same colonel wrote his uncle: "To chase away the gloom which sometimes oppresses me, I have a few heads cut off—heads of men, not artichokes."

An administrator in Equatorial Africa confessed that his superior had given him the following instructions: "Remember that it is not forbidden to kill blacks, but only to say so, to be caught in the act, or to leave any trace. Remember also that it is better to kill twenty blacks than to scratch one. The dead do not talk, but a man with a scratch may become a martyr in France."

Here is an official dispatch from the Havas press agency at the time of the conquest of Dahomey: "Colonel Dodds does not intend to set up a permanent post in Abomey after its capture. His plan is to burn it down. When he leaves, he will likewise obliterate Kana. Besides which, he will ravage the villages and the land of the tribes which have opposed us so as to inflict a punishment which will be remembered." No comments necessary, I think.

Whether in America, the Philippines, the Indies or elsewhere, the same things took place, the same atrocities, and even worse. To the honor of the

white race, I repeat that these crimes have been denounced by some. Here is what a great Frenchman, Georges Clemenceau, said in answer to those who were trying to minimize such horrors by arguing that the victims were themselves hardly civilized, perhaps savages or even cannibals. "What lessons do we teach them that permits us to take such a superior air toward them? Who went to the coast of Africa in search of men to put in chains and deliver to the whip of the American planters? What torture was spared them? Read the notices in American newspapers before 1860 describing escaped slaves: scars from branding irons, broken jaws, eyes put out, mutilations and losses of limbs. Was not this the work of the white man, of civilized people, of Christians? Who horrified Latin America with the refinement of tortures? Who drowned it in blood, if not the Catholic conquerors? Who has made the earth an immense slaughter-house, if not the white colonizer? I have before my eyes five accusing photographs taken in the bush of Bakel on the frontier of Senegal and the Sudan. One shows a row of heads under the guard of a young negro. The other four show a heap of black corpses, horribly rigid in their last convulsions. You can count the wounds. Why are some bodies riddled with holes? Why are some mutilated? Why are heads cut off? Why are men killed with their hands tied behind their backs? Let anyone who can, answer; let anyone who dares tell the story of these massacres.

These photographs are well known at the Ministry of Colonies. Their authenticity cannot be doubted. This is the teaching of the white man, the son of Christ, to the black heathen. It is a lesson which the cannibals of Oubanghi would view with loathing and horror. Of the two human butcheries, that of the man who is hungry is at least explicable.

No doubt you will say that those horrors are from fifty or more years ago and would be impossible today. What a mistake! Without mentioning the concentration camps of the last war, ask the Abyssinians, the Tripolitarians, the Albanians or the Czechs if it would be impossible. I have never met any Abyssinians or Albanians, but I have heard nightmare accounts from Czechs and Tripolitarians. It will be like this as long as the conquest of man by man is not considered a crime. That sophistry which claims that a people's progress comes from being colonized does not prevail against reality.

We are proud of our technical achievements in Morocco, but they could have been done faster, easier and more completely in an atmosphere of harmony, without our political domination. We needed only to lend a hand as an ally, instead of reducing the country to servitude. If we had done that, Morocco today would be a modern state, strong and independent, a valuable and willing ally. Instead, its future is still an enigma and it lives in a somber and uneasy present. The shadow of this unrest is falling on us. May the voice of reason be heard before it is too late!



## RACISM

Racism has always existed, more or less injurious, more or less suave. Fascism and Nazism, with their theory of a superior race, gave it a renewed impetus. Hitler's Germany . . . . went to really absurd lengths. In a German anthology, I saw Heine's little masterpiece, *Die Lorelei*, followed by the notation "anonymous." . . . . Fascism rivaled Hitlerism in ineptness and savagery. At the time of the Abyssinian conquest, Edoardo Zavattari wrote cold-bloodedly in the magazine *Africa*: "Relations between whites and blacks are exclusively a matter of hierarchy. The whites command and the blacks obey. The whites direct and the blacks do the work. The whites are served and the blacks serve." . . . .

In Anglo-Saxon countries, racism has always been more subtle, especially among the British where it is a question of prestige. "Natives" were not oppressed, but there was no social intercourse. They were not allowed in certain places, and couldn't belong to clubs whose membership was exclusively European. Racism is cruder in the United States. A few years ago a friend told me how, in a restaurant where according to the law negroes had to be accorded the same service as white people, the dishes and glasses were ostentatiously broken after negroes had used them. It seems, however, that in the United States, and especially among the British, racism is losing ground, even though it still exists.

We French are not exempt from this terrible evil. Although there is relatively little of it in France, there is unfortunately too much in the "colonies." One of my negro colleagues in the Constituant National Assembly [in Paris], who held an important official position, used to tell me things which dumfounded me. I used to blush with shame. . . . .

Here in Morocco racism unfortunately exists, even among those who sincerely deny it. Colonialism and racism belong to the same family. The first can scarcely exist without the second. Not the least dangerous is what I call unconscious racism. Recently I heard a man who was well disposed toward the Moroccans complain because they did not always appreciate his attitude.

"And yet," he said, "I make it very plain that I consider them my equals." Right there is the reason for the attitude of which he complained. He made the Moroccans feel that he considered them his equals. When you really consider someone your equal, you don't *make* him feel it. There is no need to. What this man was actually saying to the Moroccans was this: "See how fine and generous I am because I want to consider you my equals." Nothing is more absurd or insulting. That was Lyautey's opinion, too, who detested what he called "the condescending handshake." . . . .

## LET'S BE HONEST

I have stated my view that colonialism is collective slavery which has replaced the individual slavery of former days. It is a heritage for which the present generation is not directly responsible, for the most part. With a little forthrightness we could lessen the unfortunate consequences and gradually dilute the poison so that we would be able to liberate the victims of oppression rapidly, yet without a rude shock. This can be done very rapidly. That some plead extenuating circumstances, parade certain accomplishments and pass over others in silence is obviously not very admirable, but it is human nature. A lawyer arguing a bad case will be careful to keep the incriminating pages of his brief from being seen. Contrariwise, he will discuss at length all the points which are likely to win sympathy and indulgence for his client. It is absolutely inadmissible, however, to lie, to be stubborn in error or to act in bad faith. Yet we meet these execrable faults all too often. We find ourselves face to face with a practiced hypocrisy which makes me regret that Molière is not alive to write another *Tartuffe*.

It is shocking to observe how often facts are travestied and figures juggled, how things are said for which there is no evidence and how other facts are misinterpreted. The obvious lies may deceive the innocent Frenchmen of France, but the Moroccans are not dupes. They are incensed by those patent falsehoods, repeated *ad nauseam* as if to fools without sense or discernment. Nor are foreigners deceived. Although politeness sometimes obliges them to make flattering comments, as a man confessed to me the other day, it does not prevent them from thinking other thoughts and reporting them to their own governments.

We are always boasting of our disinterested achievements in behalf of the Moroccans and of the total lack of discrimination between Moroccans and Frenchmen. In fact, most of what we have done here has been in our own interest. If the Moroccans have benefited at all, it has been indirectly. We have done a few things for them exclusively. These things constitute what I call our alibi, behind which we are working full blast for ourselves.

I have already given some figures<sup>21</sup> with regard to inequality in housing, schools and public health. But let us assume for a moment that racial discrimination and selfishness on our part do not exist, that the same effort has been spent for the Moroccans as for the Europeans. Let us assume that all Moroccan children have schools, that all the sick can find room in hospitals, that there are no more Bidonvilles. Let us assume that the Moroccans have never been kept out of their own government. If this were so, would everything be wonderful? Not at all.

<sup>21</sup> See page 18.



Let us recall history. In 1918, most of the people of Alsace and Lorraine became Frenchmen again with a fervor which I witnessed. Yet under German domination they had been materially well-off and remarkably well governed (better than afterwards, as they themselves admitted). German social legislation was much more liberal than that in France. But these people wanted to be free—free to be French, to talk French and to belong to the country of their choice.

So it is with the Moroccans. If they were all well housed, well cared for, with plenty of schools—if they enjoyed the very best material circumstances—they would still not be happy. This is understandable. The Moroccans want to live in a country which is independent and free, not in servitude. This is to their credit and we should congratulate them. A people which accepts servitude lying down, which does not mind if others control its destiny, is unworthy of the respect of the civilized world. During its entire history, France has never accepted such an indignity, and it is only natural for Morocco to follow our example. Not to admit this is proof either of an utter lack of understanding or of egregious bad faith. What is more, it indicates a rare degree of maladroitness. In human relations today, no matter what the sorcerer's apprentices in the cult of Machiavelli may say, honesty is the most intelligent policy. So, let's try to be intelligent—and honest.

## CORRESPONDENCE (continued)

It was a pleasure to receive a very interesting letter from a former "young Moroccan." That is what he called himself, giving his age as thirty-eight. His letter was written in limpid French, correct and concise. And I admire his nerve for he wrote, "If you think it would do any good, use my letter and my name. I do not seek refuge in anonymity."

I shall use his letter but withhold his name, hoping he will understand and not disapprove. Complete sincerity and integrity are not the virtues demanded of Moroccans at the moment. Only bootlickers, more or less avowed and more or less servile, are considered reasonable men. It is useless for my correspondent to expose himself to reprisals, which might not follow immediately but which would be forthcoming sooner or later.

His letter is long. . . . I will limit myself to a discussion of one point which seems to me to indicate too much pessimism. Alluding to the "manifesto" which I received from the Moroccans in Paris, he writes: "I wonder if my countrymen are right in saying that because there are a few Frenchmen who think as you do they must not despair of France. I too know some Frenchmen who agree with you. . . . But how many are there? If I look around me, I see only a few with your point of view—those whom we call the true

Frenchmen. If I judge by the French press, summaries of which we get in the papers or hear over the radio, I am obliged to conclude that there are few like you in France. And I am inclined to agree with one of your own proverbs, "one swallow does not make a spring."

My correspondent is, I think, both right and wrong. He is right in saying that my countrymen who have pondered the Moroccan problem with objectivity, with the wish to understand and with the grasp of human values which should be the touchstone of French character, are not numerous. He is wrong in his deduction that all the others are hostile. Many of them are not his adversaries—they are indifferent. Here in Morocco there are too many lacking interest in the problem, but it is from mental laziness rather than heartlessness. They are guilty of indifference, but no more.

In France it is different. I think my correspondent is too severe when he writes of people "with narrow or closed minds." The words "hoodwinked" may come closer to the truth. The French people are deceived—deceived by what they have been told and by what has been concealed from them. A lie by omission is as dangerous as a direct lie. People in France are not informed of the real situation in Morocco. For example, there is at this moment a Moroccan exposition in Strasbourg. But such expositions give an entirely false idea of the countries which they are supposed to explain. They are intended to advertise what has been done and to gloss over imperfections and failures. I have not seen the exposition in Strasbourg, but I know what it is like. I am sure that you can see magnificent pictures of schools with no mention of their number, magnificent pictures of hospitals whose sparseness is carefully concealed, magnificent pictures of the houses built for Moroccans. I am equally sure that you will see no pictures of tincanvilles (*bidonvilles*), none of those leprous tents which cause the death of so many babies, none of the scrofulous children that you meet everywhere, etc. etc.

What are the good people of France told? They are told: "Look what we have done in Morocco! We have unified the country. We have built hospitals, schools, roads, ports. All the Moroccans are happy. Only a handful of trouble-makers, who want to exploit their own people, do not like our being here because it interferes with them." You know quite well that the division of Morocco into four zones, separated by rigid barriers, is not mentioned. Nobody talks of the sick who cannot find room in the hospitals, or of the children for whom there are no schools. Nobody talks about the laws forbidding Moroccan labor unions and Moroccan meetings, or the way justice is meted out to Moroccans and how they are deprived of their liberties. You don't hear a word about the poverty which is the lot of the vast majority.

Friends who have just returned to France assured me that they met with stupefaction and incredulity when they told people there that farm laborers



in Morocco earned only 45 to 60 cents a day and that urban workers had to be satisfied with no more than a dollar and twenty cents a day.

So what, you ask? And I can only answer what I wrote last year in a little pamphlet: "If the people of France were informed—this people so full of common sense, of reason and of generosity—they would not tolerate what goes on here and is done in their name. Therefore the people must be told the truth, tirelessly and in spite of obstacles and machinations." Frenchmen, this is our duty. We gladly accept the cooperation of every Moroccan who can aid us in our task, especially Moroccans like my correspondent—educated, courageous, wanting to do good—who can lend us very precious support as far as their means will allow.

Jaurès said, "In foreign affairs, the action of cunning or violent minorities is enough to bring on disaster if the people are not vigilant." He was right. But for the people to be vigilant to some purpose, the lights must be turned on. That is our job, for the people can do nothing if they cannot see.

In thanking my correspondent once more, I should like to come back to the proverb he quoted: one swallow does not make a spring. True, but if it does not make a spring, it is a sure herald of spring. It brings hope. This should help us to work without faltering or discouragement, as much for France as for Morocco, with certainty that fine days will come and even that they are not far off. There are already a few swallows.

## JUSTICE WILL TRIUMPH

I am always skeptical when I hear people talking solemnly of respect for treaties. This is all right when it is a question of treaties freely contracted, but it is meaningless for those imposed. Can any Frenchman honestly say that Morocco voluntarily accepted the situation which destroyed its unity, splitting it four ways under the name of "zones" but amounting to four separate countries with frontiers, rigid customs barriers and different coinage? Besides, we endeavor to accentuate the regional differences in social customs. Is there anyone with an ounce of common sense who believes for a second that a people accepts tutelage of its own free will—tutelage which is servitude more or less disguised? In the middle of the twentieth century, to take for granted without blushing that one country should place another under tutelage—in other words in servitude—is beyond my comprehension. It infuriates me, especially when such tutelage, instead of being temporary, perpetuates itself under pretexts that are empty if not untenable. I believe that France's continued protectorate over Morocco is a very grave injustice. Because I want my country to be above reproach, I want this injustice to end as soon as possible. Because this injustice

is a source of trouble and even of danger to my country, I consider it my duty to prosecute the case.

Morocco has a right to independence and liberty. Lyautey used to say, "There are not great peoples and small peoples. Whether they are called the United States, France, Poland or Belgium, they have equal rights to life and to independence." Our conduct in Morocco is a perpetual betrayal of Lyautey's ideas. When we call ourselves his disciples we are hypocrites. If we had remained true to his principles, we would not be in our present fix. We would be "counselors" instead of "masters." Lyautey said, "At the same time that I represent the Government of France in this country, I consider it an honor to be the first Minister of Sidna [the Sultan]." We would not have set up direct control—or, in fact, a colonial regime with all the detestable things this entails. "From that day," to quote the Marshal again, "the French administration, with its immutable framework, its power to obstruct and its dead weight, will smother this unfortunate country."

In the second place, if we had followed Lyautey, we would not have become the enemy of Islam. We used to be a friend, thanks in large measure to Lyautey's ideas and deeds. Listen to what he said in 1922, having noted that Germany, and to a lesser extent England, had lost Islam's friendship. ". . . We, on the contrary, still benefit from this friendship. We also have need of it—need of it when we speak out strongly and purposefully. Not that we want to wield this support as military might, but it must be clear that it is an incomparable moral force. The simple fact of this immense reservoir of men behind us enables us not to threaten but to speak on equal terms with anyone and to oblige all to reckon with us. I should like to impress upon you this overriding idea: the importance of Islam for France."

Fellow-Frenchmen, do you understand why I curse the incompetents, the fools, the tactless and—I hate to say it—the crooks who, from stupidity and bad faith, have lost us the friendship of Islam which Lyautey thought so vital to our prestige, our power and our security? All the lies and all the slogans will not change the tragic reality that we, once Islam's great friend, are so no longer. In singing our own praises and savoring the compliments we pay one another, we are forgetting Lyautey's counsel: "Nothing is more dangerous than to count too heavily on favorable witnesses, whose information is often gained superficially and in haste, with honest reporting sacrificed to politeness."

Perhaps it is a good thing that Lyautey died before he could see the unbridled sabotage of his work. I remember the words of the Indian philosopher, Tagore, imploring Europeans, "I beseech you, do not send us merely administrative formulas and the machinery associated with them. Send us some souls!" Alas! We have sent Morocco the formulas and the machinery. In justice it



must be said that we have sent some men of brains, but too many of these were filing cabinets and too few were "souls."

The greatest homage that Lyautey could pay at the grave of his loyal assistant, Colonel Berriau, was to say "that he had his ear to the heart of the Moroccan people, this people in transition who are so anxious about the future." The tragedy is that there are so few like Colonel Berriau, who know how to get at the spirit of the Moroccan people, and so many who, with complete disingenuousness, want to make the transition period interminable. What is most nauseating is that a course of action so detrimental to France and so contrary to Lyautey's vision is followed in the name of the French people. . . . I am forced sorrowfully to this conclusion. Sorrowfully, I said, but not with discouragement. For, however, thankless the task and painful the struggle, I have no doubt of the final outcome. Justice will triumph.

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(In the following article entitled "Imposture," Mr. Parent continues with the betrayal of Lyautey's policies).

The mere statement of Lyautey's formula of the protectorate—the simple, indirect European control of a country governing and administering itself under its own institutions—is enough in the face of the evidence to show that our conduct is a betrayal of the Marshal's idea. Many people do not know what a battle Lyautey had to wage in Morocco in order to weaken, or at least to delay, a triumph of direct administration, which he still did not succeed in preventing. All the sharks of France and Morocco thought that the protectorate regime would not make the Moroccan people sufficiently subservient for the complete "exploitation" of the country, a situation which they desired. Since these same sharks always have a great deal of influence over French governments, Lyautey was subject to pressures which he could not always withstand. He defended himself as best he could and did not neglect to leave us plenty of pointers and warnings.

From the beginning, when the French administration was being organized, he protested against the excessive powers which France was trying to give him. ". . . If I exercised all the political and military power, I do not see what power would be left for the sovereign or what functions would remain for his government (*maghzen*). . . ." He insisted repeatedly, "We cannot under present conditions and we must never under any conditions have a direct administration in Morocco. . . ." He was never fooled by the maneuvers of the sharks whom I just mentioned. When the Paris Government considered bestowing French citizenship on certain Moroccan war veterans, he protested vigorously, making it clear what was behind the move. "There could not be a more direct impairment of the Sultan's sovereignty. . . . This would be the

negation of the protectorate principle on which everything here is based. I would not be surprised, however, if the authors of the proposal and indeed many of our compatriots viewed the protectorate not as a temporary regime but as one leading inevitably—and with the least possible delay—to annexation. A series of such encroachments would gradually bring this about."

Lyautey, it is clear, saw through the machinations and opposed them with all his might. He protested against the subjection of the Sultan's Government—the *maghzen*, against the establishment of French judicial tribunals in Morocco by French legislation, against the "sentiment of many of my countrymen in the French colony, far too inclined by political bias or training to hold the Sultan in derision." He also regretted the failure of his own government to support him. I call attention to his clear and justified warning: "It would be an illusion to think that the Moroccans are not aware that they are kept out of their government. They are grieved and they are talking about it. A new generation is being formed which is determined to take part. It is disposed to learn and to carry on its own affairs. . . . It will seek to organize itself in order to put forth its demands, as is already happening. These questions will not wait."

Such were the instructions, the advice and the warnings of Lyautey,<sup>22</sup> already obliged to fight against the tendencies which were to have free rein after his time and which have brought on the serious unrest we know today. To pretend that we have followed his instructions and have been faithful to his ideals is nothing but hypocrisy and lying. Unfortunately some people consider these to be virtues.

Let me leave for your meditation these words of the Abbé Pézeril from an article in *Témoignage Chrétien*: ". . . People will argue that it is a little thing to lie if the security of one's country is thereby strengthened. Precedents are not lacking to show that lying to a people never pays. The cancer begins on the lips of the liar, but sooner or later consumes the whole body."

## GRATITUDE

In the press, in speeches and in conversation, we keep harping on the gratitude owed us by the Moroccans for what we have done for them and their country. Never or almost never does anyone have a word to say about the gratitude which we owe them.

Yet think of it! Ever since the first world war, the Moroccans have given us magnificent troops, extolled by friend and foe alike. They have helped us defend *our* freedom and we should never have forgotten it. This, at least, was

<sup>22</sup> Resident General in Morocco from 1912 to 1925.



Lyautey's opinion. On the 2nd of June 1917, he addressed the Sultan: "When the blessed day of peace assured by definite victory comes, I have been assured that your fortunate empire will receive the greatest reward for having united its destiny with that of my country. . . ." On the 1st of January 1919, he spoke positively: "At last, confidence and gratitude toward the Moroccan people! Let us never forget the way they came to our rescue. . . . We can show our gratitude only by respect for their persons, their laws, their customs, for everything that makes up the soul of a people. It would be too paradoxical if in the hour when the rights of peoples have been one of the noblest inspirations of our struggle and one of the conditions of our victory, we should fail to recognize them where we have planted our flag and where we ought to provide a living example of the rule of justice and free association by which we intend the world to be governed. . . ."

In spite of Lyautey's noble words, our gratitude to Morocco was so limited that it can be summed up in these words: "Not one freedom more, not one servitude less."

Then came the second world war. The Moroccans who wanted independence and liberty for their country had been the object of stern repression. Many were either in prison or exile. Nevertheless, on August 26, 1939, in the face of our imminent peril, a nationalist delegation went to the Resident General to affirm Franco-Moroccan solidarity. As for the exploits of Moroccan soldiers in Tunisia, in Italy, in France, these are still living memories.

Far from profiting by our misfortunes, the Moroccans did nothing to weaken our position. It was not until 1944, when all North Africa was liberated and victory assured, that they came out with their demands. They rivaled in honor those Algerian rebels of 1871 who gave proof of a moral greatness, incomprehensible to many, by waiting to set their rebellion in motion until we were no longer at war with Prussia.

These examples call to mind the admirable thought of Dr. Alexis Carrel: "Much more than science, art or religion, moral beauty is the basis of civilization." Our gratitude to the Moroccans after the second world war was of the same order as that of 1918. Repression against those who were criminal enough to want to live in a free and independent country was perhaps more cruel. The Moroccans saw the independence of the Philippines, of India, Ceylon, Burma, the Netherlands Indies, Abyssinia and Lybia. They saw the promise of independence for Italian Somaliland in the near future. As for the Moroccans, they are still waiting. "Later," they are told. Tomorrow, always tomorrow.

This is senseless conduct, absolutely contrary to logic and justice, and even to an elementary understanding of the most obvious French interests. It is the

stubborn insistence of blind men walking straight toward a precipice. May we open our eyes before it is too late!

## THE FIGHT FOR TRUTH

Among the comments on the Sultan's reply<sup>23</sup> to the French Government, the following one appeared in a French newspaper published in Morocco. I translate word for word: ". . . . As for the improvement of the political climate and the granting of essential freedoms, it is noted in Paris that the Moroccans now enjoy the widest freedom, and that a field of action is reserved for French authorities only in case public order be threatened by subversive or totalitarian agents. It should be emphasized that there are calm reigns in Morocco, and that all freedoms, including freedom of the press, are practically complete at the present time. As for the right to organize unions, it exists in fact for the Moroccans, even if it has not been granted by law for want of an agreement on the wording of the text."

What do you say to this, dear readers? Is it possible to be more cynical or to distort the truth any further? This illustrates what I said in a recent article on the need for informing the French people. Why shouldn't an ordinary Frenchman in France, reading the papers, believe what they tell him—that Moroccans "enjoy the widest freedom," including that of organizing unions. That is why it is absolutely necessary to undeceive the French people. We must tell them the truth. We must shout it from the housetops. Péguy said, "He who does not cry out the truth when he knows it is an accomplice of forgers and traitors." So whatever the consequences, I will be neither a forger nor a traitor. . . . Let me recall certain declarations.

At the meeting of the Bar Association in Morocco in May 1949, its president, Mr. Neigel, said, ". . . . The first resolution before this meeting has to do with respect for individual liberty and the exercise of the right to defense in penal matters, the defendant now having no guarantees. The char-

<sup>23</sup> Oct. 3, 1952. Negotiations were initiated by the Sultan in October 1950, and his proposals were turned down at once by the French. On the 14th of March 1952, he presented another memorandum to the French Government in which he defined his aim in general as "a new definition of Franco-Moroccan relations, guaranteeing sovereignty to Morocco and the legitimate interests of Frenchmen within the framework of a fruitful cooperation between Morocco and France in economic, cultural and international fields, and safeguarding the interests of other foreign minorities." Specifically he called for "(1) the improvement of the political climate, (2) the granting of individual and civil liberties, particularly the right to organize labor unions and (3) the constitution of a provisional Moroccan Government charged in my name and under my aegis to negotiate the terms of a new Franco-Moroccan accord with the Government of the French Republic." The French Government did not reply for six months, when on September 17, 1952, it turned down the Sultan's proposals. Two weeks later, the Sultan expressed his regret, recapitulating the course of the unsuccessful negotiations. It is to this note that the newspaper comments refer.



acter of the present regime is total contempt for individual liberty, as far as justice for Moroccans was concerned. The Moroccan citizen is imprisoned at will. . . ."

At a meeting of the Bar Association of Casablanca in 1950, president Bonnet said, "No palace of justice, no magistrates, no laws. Right to defense non-existent. Individual liberty zero. Abuses of authority unchecked. Today, when we hear so much about respect for the individual, it would be ludicrous if it were not tragic, to see so many people recoil from the recital of violations of justice in some other world, while under their very eyes millions are prey to ignorance, red tape, shameful and outworn customs, and arbitrary acts for which there is no recourse—imprisonment is immediate, accusation is secret, defense is illusory and there is no legal code."

If you are still convinced, dear readers, after studying these statements, that Moroccans "enjoy the widest freedoms," and especially the most precious one of all, individual liberty, it is because you are being difficult. As a matter of fact, aside from the freedom of the press which Moroccans recovered<sup>24</sup> after ten years of censorship that was as stupid as it was ruthless, the Moroccans have no freedom at all, except that so accurately described by president Neigel—being "imprisoned at will."

And what about trade unions? The Moroccans do not have the right to organize trade unions. That is mercilessly true for farm workers who constitute the enormous majority of labor in this country. Anyone who even talks about forming a union is imprisoned immediately. The same thing is true for urban workers, but here we come upon the most refined hypocrisy. Some industrial workers are "tolerated" as nominal union members, but their rights as such are not recognized. An official will always refuse to see a Moroccan who comes to him as a union member. This "tolerance" has one big advantage. Moroccans labor leaders are naturally picked because they are the most intelligent and the most competent. Therefore they are the first to be imprisoned when such action is judged useful. There is never any mistake about this. So you see, dear readers, that "the right to organize trade unions" "exists in fact" in Morocco.

All this is, in a word, repugnant. But it is not enough to prove that such a state of affairs exists: we must work to make it disappear. We must join in combat against the "forgers and traitors," in the name of France, the true France, honest and just. . . .

<sup>24</sup> Only about a year earlier, as a previous note on p. 1 tells.

## ONCE MORE AS USUAL

It would be nice to breathe a little fresh air—to discuss varying points of view calmly and courteously, with an open mind. To err is human and therefore excusable, when it is the exception in a series of actions. Lying, on the other hand, is odious and intolerable, yet we live in the midst of it. We have to wade through its filth with despairing monotony. Those responsible for this state of affairs present an image of France to the world that can only grieve true Frenchmen and friends of the true France. If we do not take care, they will end by alienating our best friends, by giving credence to those who call us disloyal, and by lowering France's prestige. Her great past deserves something better than such abasement.

If you saw the newspapers of October 31 [1952], you read that a certain Mr. Pignon refuted accusations made by the Lebanese delegate against the French administration in Morocco in the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations. "The French delegate likewise refuted the accusations of discriminatory practices in the recruiting of native labor, in education and in public health, underlining in this connection the fact that the population of Morocco has doubled in the last forty years." Mr. Pignon is not responsible for the enormities which he has uttered before the Trusteeship Council, but those who furnished the false information deserve exemplary punishment.

I write this with sorrow and indignation, and a sorrow that exceeds indignation. Whom do these men hope to deceive? Certainly not the members of the Trusteeship Council, for they have made their own investigations and know exactly what is what. Certainly not the Moroccans who are in a better position than anyone to judge the treatment to which they are subjected. So once more as usual it is a matter of deceiving the good people of France. It is their reaction which is feared if they should ever find out the truth.

Oh no! There are no discriminatory practices in Morocco. But—a European defendant in court has every guarantee while the Moroccan in a similar predicament is, according to the President of the Bar Association, "imprisoned at will." No discriminatory practices, of course not, but—whereas all European children can go to school, only a small minority of Moroccan children can. Moreover, the money budgeted for a European child's schooling is considerably more than that for a Moroccan's. No discrimination, they say, but—a subsidy of \$120 is granted for a European's house at the same time that a subsidy of 30 cents is granted for a Moroccan's house. There is one hospital bed for every 200 Europeans and one hospital bed for every 2000 Moroccans. No discrimination at all but every minute of every day the treatment which the Moroccans get is quite different from that reserved for Europeans.



And we learn that the population of Morocco has doubled in the last forty years! Official arithmetic apparently has no relation to the kind I learned in school. On the basis of so-called censuses, very badly made besides being complicated and deceptive, we have to be satisfied with an estimate of Morocco's population. This estimate is between 8 and 9 millions. But what was the population previous to now? I think we may ask one who knew Morocco slightly—a man called Marshal Lyautey. This is what he said, exactly forty years ago—on December 21, 1912: "... Whatever the different estimates of the population of Morocco, it is certainly much higher than Algeria's was at the time of the conquest in 1830. Morocco has at least 5 or 6 million people." Six million in 1912, nine million in 1952. Thus you can see how the Moroccan population has doubled in forty years. I do not advise grammar school pupils to adopt official methods of arithmetic. They would certainly smart for it. I'm joking now, of course, but my face is scarlet with shame and I'm sick to my stomach. I joke that I may not weep.

This article had been written when an article by Louis Proust, unblushingly reproduced in a French paper in Morocco, caught my eye. Mr. Pignon's figure for the Moroccan population given to the Trusteeship Council is not inexact enough for Mr. Proust. The latter tells us in his article that the Moroccan population has "tripled." One really wonders how idiotic we can get!

## IMPRISONED AT WILL

Earlier, I called attention to the declaration of the president of the French Bar in Morocco: "The characteristic of the present regime is absolute contempt for individual liberty; the Moroccan is imprisoned at will." Maybe some of my readers took these words for a legal cliché regarding a situation which cannot possibly be as bad as painted. Listen then to the story of an "incident" that took place on the 6th of last November in the Village where I live and be enlightened.

Every Thursday evening, Thursday being market-day in this village, there is a movie in the central café. It had happened several times that, the settlers, coming out of the movie, noticed chalk marks on the bodies of their cars. Sometimes there were marks made with little stones. The mischief of children probably, but nevertheless disagreeable mischief. It had to be stopped quickly. The local police, I am glad to report, went to work on the trying job in a civilized manner.

Last Thursday, however, a more serious crime was committed. The French civil controller noticed that his windshield wiper had been bent. This was intolerable and something had to be done. Nobody, of course, thought that a

European child might have caused the damage, although this was not impossible. So about ten o'clock that night the Moroccan children and youths standing around the front of the café where the movie was shown were rounded up and taken to the police barracks. At least those who were caught were taken, for some succeeded in getting away.

Please do not think that because a Moroccan runs away he is guilty. The Moroccan knows very well that he can be imprisoned at will. If he were accused of drinking up the ocean, he would take to his heels.

"But what were those children doing at that time of night out in front of the movie?" you ask. I will tell you. The "rich"—those with money to buy a ticket—go inside to see the movie and then come out between shows or at the end to tell the story of the film to those outside. They go into great detail, even imitating the actors. Thus for the ones without money, it is almost as if they had seen the show and they do not feel so badly about their poverty.

Anyway, here were all these children in prison. "In prison," people say to me, "not at all." Nevertheless they were shut up in the police barracks and couldn't get out. The schoolchildren couldn't go to school the next morning. The bigger ones, who worked, couldn't go to work. But since they were not actually put in the building called the "prison," they were not imprisoned. They were simply "kept in sight." A charming euphemism, one that their mothers failed to appreciate. On Friday morning they came weeping to the gate of the barracks after a frightful night spent in wondering what had happened to their children. An old grandmother in tears told everyone who would listen that her grandson was a good boy and one of the best pupils in the school. This was true. A friend who happened to be with me and saw the whole lamentable spectacle left a little before noon saying uneasily that he certainly would not be able to eat any lunch.

"What finally happened?" you ask. This is the end of the story. The children were taken twenty-one miles to Azemmour and their parents were notified that they must go there too. Azemmour is the administrative center of the region. These children, who were not "imprisoned," spent the next night in the women's prison. Then (on Saturday) they listened to a little lecture—quite reasonable it was—admonishing them to behave and telling them that if they were caught doing wrong they would be severely punished. What the parents were told was less reasonable—that if their children got into any more mischief, the parents would be put in prison with their children. Then everyone was sent home.

French mothers and fathers, what do you think of this? Suppose one of your children had been treated like this. Suppose even that your child was guilty, that he had bent a windshield wiper. Would you tolerate such procedures? I am sure that you would not, and that you wouldn't have lungs



enought to shout your indignation and your protests. Was one or another of the children caught by the police guilty? I have no idea. It is possible, but it is also possible that they were all innocent. They were arrested, kept under surveillance, taken twenty-one miles from their home, and then freed, after hearing a lecture which could just as well have been delivered without plunging their families into anguish, causing them useless expense and making the children lose time from work or school. . . . The comments which I heard lead me to believe that the only result of such procedure is to add a little more to the Moroccans' bitterness and resentment.

## POINTS OF VIEW

I have received a very long letter from a young Frenchman who has lived in Morocco a little over four years with his wife and two children. I am grateful to him for writing and must congratulate him for taking an interest in Moroccan problems. I ask his pardon for not replying to him directly. I was unable to decipher his address. He will be good enough, I hope, to write again.

As best I can, I will sum up the first part of his letter. "I am much interested in your articles," he writes. "They have taught me more about Morocco and especially about the Moroccans than anything else in my four years' sojourn here. I agree with you entirely about the original immorality of colonialism. But you and I are not responsible for it and there's nothing we can do about it. Whether we like it or not, there are 8½ million Moroccans and 400,000 Europeans in this country. There is the French Union of which Morocco is only a part. Does this not oblige us to make certain compromises, perhaps regrettable from the standpoint of ethics and of strict justice, but which seem to me difficult to avoid? I am thinking especially of the participation of Frenchmen in the political life of Morocco."

First of all, I hope this young Frenchman will permit me to point out a serious mistake on his part. As I have already written, Morocco is not a member of the French Union — nor is Tunisia. My correspondent may be excused for not knowing this fact. Some French cabinet ministers do not know it either, and French newspapers in Morocco put dispatches from Tunis and Rabat under the heading "France and the French Union."

What seems especially to impress this correspondent is the figure of 400,000 Europeans who, he says, live in Morocco. One feels from his letter that he believes they have a tremendous economic importance. He agrees that it is natural that the Moroccans should be their own masters but he wouldn't mind if the French settlers participated in the political life of the country, although he finds this not quite fair in a Morocco which he hopes to see independent. Such contradictions do not seem to bother him.

There is something touching about this. In this young man, whose good faith cannot be questioned, a desire for justice, some patriotic sentiment and the wish not to offend the Moroccans are all mixed up without his being conscious of it. He seems quite uncertain about his opinions, which are suggested rather than formulated. He must, however, come to understand one thing — the French have no political rights and can have none in Morocco. Lyautey stated this many times, but let us put it on grounds of common sense.

The Italian colony in France is infinitely larger than the French colony in Morocco. Is there or has there ever been a question of giving Italian residents in France political rights? All Frenchmen would emphatically say no. Let us take another example where the economic importance of foreigners is considerable. The nationalized French coal mines employ 245,000 miners. Of this total, 68,500 are foreigners and 12,500 come from North Africa and the overseas territories. All these workers are "productive." They are essential to the mining industry which could hardly get along without them. Have they or can they have political rights? Absolutely not. I am told that in some places in eastern France there are more foreigners than Frenchmen. But what a howl there would be if these foreigners should demand the right to participate in the government in the centers where they live. Yet they have a tremendous moral superiority over us Frenchmen in Morocco. They did not impose themselves on us by force. They have been received in France, and often invited when they have not been recruited by us in their own countries. However valuable these foreigners, whom we have welcomed when we have not actually sought them ourselves, and however great their services to our industries, which could hardly exist or perhaps not exist at all without them, we are in no way disposed to accord these people political rights. This would, in fact, be giving them part of our sovereignty.

Thus it is quite normal for the Moroccans to want to keep their sovereignty and to object to sharing it with anyone. The contrary would be abnormal and unreasonable. This we must understand. I believe that my correspondent will understand it.

## LETTER TO CLAUDE BOURDET AND JEAN ROUS, February 27, 1951

It is with sorrow that I write these few lines to tell you what a mess we live in here. You have certainly heard about the declarations of loyalty to France made "spontaneously" by representatives of various tribes. The facts below will enable you to judge how it really is. Of course I will speak only



for the region in which I live, but you will realize that it is no different elsewhere.<sup>25</sup>

First of all, one significant fact. You could read in the three [French] newspapers of Casablanca of the 26th of February (yesterday) the little dispatch which follows. The headline in all three papers was the same, so this piece of news was not the work of a delirious journalist but an official hand-out to the press. "It was learned this morning that the house of a nationalist was burned down during the night of the 24-25th of February near Bir-Jdid-Chavent." However, this is the evening of February 27th, and I, who live in Bir-Jdid-Chavent, have been trying for the last forty-eight hours to get at the facts of the case. I have not been able to find the burned house or any resident of the village who knows a thing about it. Strange, is it not?

Nevertheless, the papers of today, the 27th, tell us: "Many Moroccan peasants reached Azemmour (the administrative center of the region) early in the afternoon. They were joined there by Moroccan workers, shopkeepers and war veterans. The group proceeded to the sanctuary of Moulay-Bouchaib, whose family had made known its intention of joining the demonstration. This family has considerable influence in the region and has taken a strong stand against the *Istiqlal* (i.e., the Nationalist Party). The whole crowd then marched to the residence of His Excellency, the Pasha, who took the lead, and all went to the office of the civil controller in order to make their declaration [of loyalty]."

That is the official version. Now let us see what actually occurred. During the evening of February 25th, the Mokaddem<sup>26</sup> went around to the Moroccans in Bir-Jdid to notify them that they were all to go to Azemmour at eight o'clock the next day. He indicated that those who did not show up would regret it. He could not or would not state the reason for the summons. Many Moroccans thought it was for the B.C.G. [anti-tuberculosis vaccination]. Naturally, a large number of Moroccans went to Azemmour the next day, many climbing onto trucks without permits to carry passengers. This is against the law, but on this day the highway police looked the other way.

At Azemmour the travellers were put in line four or five abreast and marched through the town several times so that everyone could see them. (I forgot to mention that many of them, as they passed the market of Souk-el-Tnine, halfway between Bir-Jdid and Azemmour, saw the policemen forcing people there

to abandon their goods, leaving only a few men to guard them, in order to join the procession to Azemmour).

At noon, all these people who had paraded through the town were still held at Azemmour without yet knowing why they were there. They asked permission to go eat lunch, but this was refused. It was five o'clock before they could get any food. During the afternoon they heard a short speech. I must confess that there was nothing outrageous about it. It merely repeated the themes of the current propaganda: what they owed to France, and a warning not to listen to those who gave bad counsel, but in case they heard any, to report it. Needless to say, all these people lost a day's work and had to pay the cost of their trip to the town. You can see that the newspaper version is only about 90 per cent false.

It must be that the men who run Morocco at the moment must hold the French people in disdain, to hand out this kind of amazing nonsense which we read in the papers both here and in France. Is it possible that Morocco is a country so unsafe that a few fire-eaters can burn down a house? Is Morocco so little under control that thousands of horsemen can come as far as Fez, and to the palace of the Sultan in Rabat, who is asserted to need our protection, without the authorities being able to prevent it? This is serious indeed. These disingenuous men, tangled in their lies, do not see that they are digging their own graves. Do they really believe that people native to Morocco will remain silent while the truth is mocked this way?

As for me, I must protest. I admit that in the thirty-five years I have lived in Morocco and especially since the dictatorship of General Juin [the French Resident General], I have seen plenty of nasty things go on here. But I was naive enough to believe that it was impossible to be as lying and base as this. Alas and alas! Will Morocco never be liberated from this evil gang which will wind up by making France detested? I still hope against hope that the day will come soon when decency will again rule in this country.

## MR. PARENT'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS EXPULSION FROM MOROCCO, DECEMBER, 1952

About seven o'clock on Sunday morning, the 14th of December, 1952, nine policemen, armed with sub-machine guns, came to my house, not to arrest me, they said, but to take me to Casablanca where I would receive a communication. In answer to my question, they assured me it was unnecessary to make any preparations. If further measures were to be taken, they would bring me back to my home so that I might make any necessary arrangements. So I went

<sup>25</sup> In February 1951, General A. Juin made several far-reaching counter-requests, the most important of which were the official condemnation of the *Istiqlal* (Independence Party) by the Sultan and the Delegation of his legislative power to the French. When the Sultan refused, the General threatened to depose him, and finally brought tribesmen to the gates of Rabat and Fez to intimidate him.

<sup>26</sup> Agent of the Moroccan authority chosen by the French and serving their interests.



with them, wearing only a light jacket, and carrying no baggage. There were two automobiles.

When we reached Casablanca, I was put in a small room at police headquarters where there were already six other people, guarded by armed police. I learned later that these six — among them a woman lawyer, a war widow with two young daughters — had been arrested the night before and had spent that night sitting up and listening wretchedly to the cries of Moroccans not far away, who were being tortured in order to obtain what are termed spontaneous confessions.

At nine o'clock, without having seen anyone or received the slightest communication, I was taken out with the others to a "Black Maria", in which we were chained together, two by two. My left arm having been amputated in the first world war, I was handcuffed by the right wrist to the left wrist of a professor at the Lycée Lyautey. I was too full of scorn and repulsion to mind such proceedings which dishonored only those who employed them.

We then left for Rabat, in violation of the promise to take me home to make any necessary arrangements. As I still had only my jacket, I was very cold during the trip. When we got to Rabat, we were interrogated to establish our identity, and our fingerprints and photographs were taken. Then we were locked up in a dormitory in the barracks of the Republican Guard. We were joined by four other prisoners from Meknes — they had been left standing for 12 hours — and by a lady from Rabat. We all, men and women, had to sleep in the same room, on straw mattresses, guarded by soldiers, who were, with one exception, very correct. We had to pay in advance for our food.

I asked permission for a parole on my word of honor to go home for a change of linen and some clothes. This was refused. Instead, a police car was despatched to get my things. Whether it was intentional or not, almost all the things brought back were summer clothes. I also asked to be allowed to telegraph friends (through the police but at my own expense) to pay my workers, to dismiss most of them, and to take care of the seven little Moroccan children whom I have adopted. This was refused.

The following morning, again in the "Black Maria," but this time without handcuffs, we were taken to the airfield at Salé and put in a military plane, which was heated only by the defroster. The voyage was very uncomfortable. Luckily, both at Perpignan and at Orly, we were received with a courtesy which was very much appreciated.

Before leaving Morocco, I received a written order for my expulsion but no reasons were given. I do not know officially why I was deported. Actually it will no doubt be said that this measure was taken as a consequence of the series of articles which I wrote during the past year for the weekly newspaper,

*Al Istiqlal*, which was published in French. In writing these articles, I had two objectives:

1. to interest the French in Moroccan problems which are extremely important, but which they are inclined to ignore. I think I succeeded. In one year, I got more than four hundred letters from Frenchmen and in particular from French women.

2. to prove to the Moroccans that some Frenchmen, without prejudice or partisanship, are concerned about Moroccan problems, and are trying to understand the Moroccans, unwilling to have them pushed around.

Obviously this is not to the liking of those who have a holy horror of the truth, and who must have disturbances, but I felt that at least I was keeping the Moroccans from a solution born of despair. In all my articles, I took Lyautey as guide. I cited him constantly and I fought implacably against lies. Nobody has ever succeeded in contradicting me. I also took care, in a special article entitled "Speaking of Force,"<sup>27</sup> to take a stand against any violence in politics.

After having written fifty-three articles in *Al-Istiqlal* in as many weeks without anyone ever daring to criticize what I wrote, I now become dangerous at the very moment when I can no longer write.<sup>28</sup> Who can be made to believe such a thing? Even more extraordinary, at the end of last November I received a card from Mr. Georges Hutin, Secretary General of the Protectorate, who had certainly read all my articles. In substance, it read, "My dear friend, happy to have been able to be of service to you. If I have the occasion to be in the neighborhood, I will come by to shake your hand." A few days later, this "dear friend" had become so dangerous that Gestapo methods were used to deport him from Morocco. It doesn't make sense and it isn't decent.

Dated: Paris, December 20, 1952.

<sup>27</sup> See page 39.

<sup>28</sup> *Al-Istiqlal* having been suppressed by the French.



## APPENDIX

### DOCUMENTS

*Exchange of telegrams between Mr. Briand and Mr. Steeg.*

Paris, May 30, 1926.

I would like, on the occasion of all your telegraphic correspondence, by which you have informed me, hour by hour, of the development of the Moroccan crisis (surrendering of Abd-el-Krim, liberation of the prisoners and the submission of the tribes which you have supervised), to express the heartiest congratulations of the Government for the policy, both firm and cautious, which you have followed with the concern to preserve the blood of our soldiers, by putting the political action on the first plan, whether it precedes or follows or whether it accompanies our soldiers, political action to which is due, in great part, the decisive result obtained. I would like to extend the compliments of the Government to your immediate collaborators and the so devout leaders of the medical mission of the Riff, especially Mr. Parent.

Briand,  
Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Fez, May 31, 1926.

I express my happy gratitude, and the compliments which you address to my collaborators and the members of the Medical mission touch me even more. Mr. Parent and the doctors have been magnificent pioneers of the French cause. They have shown our fatherland under its aspect of strength, of science and goodness. Thanks to them, thanks to the army and to its chiefs, and thanks to valiant and ingenious officers of the Information Service, yesterday's adversaries will become, without bitterness, the loyal and faithful collaborators of tomorrow. I beg you to convey to your colleagues in the Government my devout gratitude.

Steeg,  
Resident General.

Taza, May 30, 1926.

The French prisoners of the Riff, officers and soldiers, to Mr. Parent.

The minute of our separation has come. But are we really going to be separated? No! The memory is imperishable, and let us say it, the present minute makes us live an emotion as strong as the one of the 26th of May at 8:30 when we have been able to rejoin the French lines.

You have done a great deal for us and to thank you would be too little.

We can tell you but one thing, "You have our hearts."

It is thanks to you, to your will, to your courage, and to your affection that many of us will be able to embrace the people dear to them, because your great heart, since your arrival among us, has wanted that we register no more losses as a result of misery and privation.

The hour of deliverance has come and we are sure that this hour has been as vividly felt by you, who have wanted to live our life, share our sorrows and run our risks, as by us.

We leave you promising to live a little each day with your memory, because we shall never forget your name. It is not to Mr. Parent that we say goodbye, it is to the delicate friend, considerate and devoted that you have been for each of us.

Signatures.

*Peroration of the Speech given by Mr. Steeg to the Moroccan Federation of Veterans on the 6th of June 1926.*

I drink to all of you, disabled and veterans, who have opened for our generation the sacred way of suffering and of genuine nobleness. Join me in conveying our affectionate wishes, to the one who is the adornment, the pride, the soul of your groupings, that so simple valiant, radiant of communicative delicacy and unselfishness, which makes Morocco lovable for the example he gives, to that Frenchman in whom reside the qualities of tactfulness, of measure and courage of our fatherland.

I drink to your President, to our friend Parent.

*Extract of the letter addressed by Abd-el-Krim to the President of the French Council of Ministers.*

To His Excellency the President of the Council, Minister of Foreign Affairs, with my respectful compliments.

You undoubtedly know the circumstances which have prevailed at the time of our surrendering. Indeed, the resistance could have been prolonged. However, desiring to stop bloodshed and to put an end to the useless and uneven struggle, I followed the advice given to me by Mr. Parent, President of the disabled veterans of Morocco, who was at my home for a while, having granted him the hospitality in order for him to replenish and give all the needed care to the French prisoners. Following his advice I entered into negotiations with the Resident General, M. Steeg, to whom I wrote asking for a ceasing of hostilities . . .



*Letter by the Chamber of Commerce and Industry of Casablanca.*

June 5, 1944.

Dear Mr. Parent,

The Chamber of Commerce and Industry of Casablanca is particularly happy to congratulate you for your nomination for the Presidency of the Veterans of the French Empire.

It rejoices in thinking that this honor rewards the glorious disabled of the war of 1914-1918, as well as the great Frenchman who has been the negotiator of Abd-el-Krim's surrender. We are proud to pay our respects to you who have devoted your life to France and who honor your country by your courage and uprightness.

*The President.*

*Attestation of belonging to the F.F.C.:*

#47847.

Reference: I.M. #407/F.F.C.I./Adm. of April 17, 1947.

Mr. Pierre Parent, Born on the 2/5/93, has served in the quality of agent P. 1 from 4/1/41 to 10/10/42 in the network of Henri d'Astier of the French Combatting Forces.

Paris, December 19, 1948.

Certified as correct:

*Le colonel de Dionne*

Chief of the Bureau of the French Combatting Forces.

(The services accomplished in the quality of "agent P. 1" count as active military services.)